



FEATURE

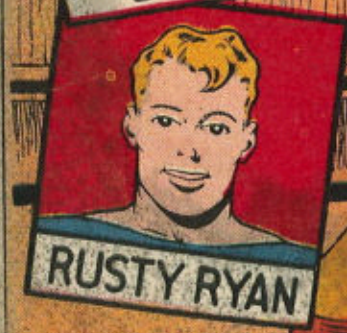
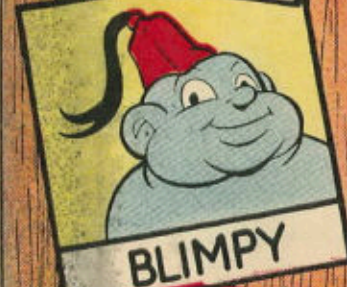
COMICS

I.C.C.
10



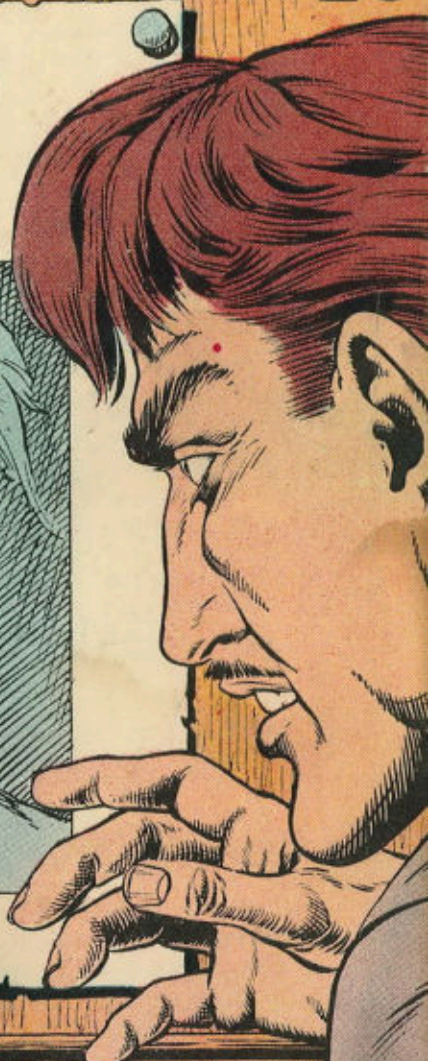
OCTOBER
No. 127

10



The
DOLL MAN
matches wits
with
VIBRO!

WANTED
FOR
MURDER



STILL 52 PAGES



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS



The Monkey
\$2.95



Satan
\$2.95



Old Man
\$2.95



Old Lady
\$2.95

OTHER SUBJECTS

Beggar, \$2.95

Special
SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



Clown
\$2.95



IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness.
People howl with laughter when you
put on this life-like mask.

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 53-M Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

- () Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
() Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET.....P.O. ZONE.....
CITY.....STATE.....

IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME
as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa
Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price
plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with
order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All
masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53-M, Chicago 31, Illinois

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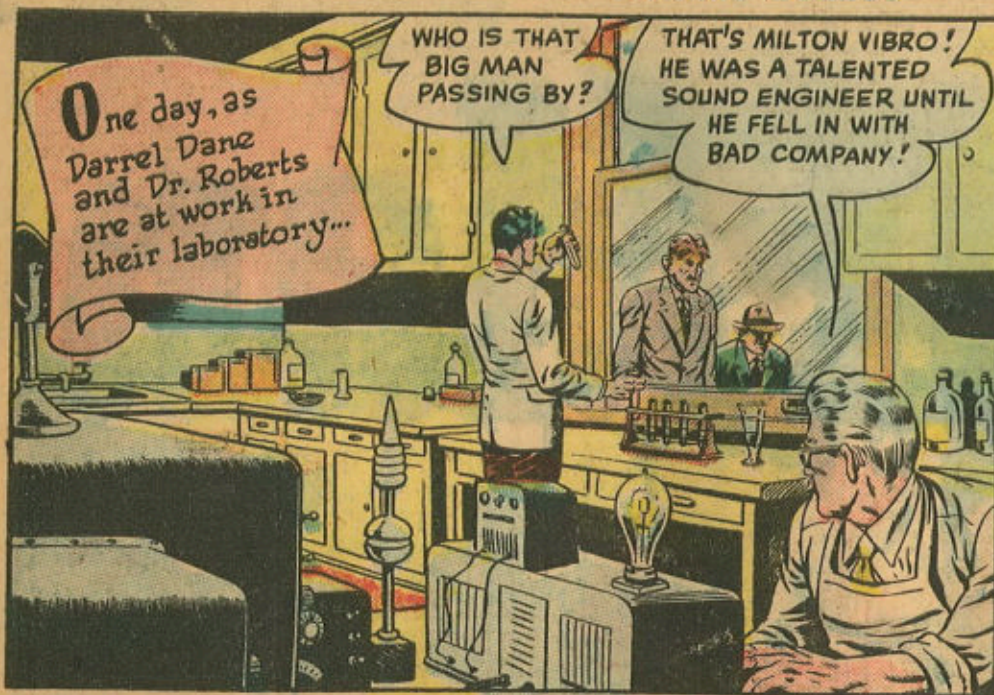
The Doll Man

The DOLL MAN was baffled when Vibro turned his scientific skill into a weapon of crime... to read the minds of his victims!

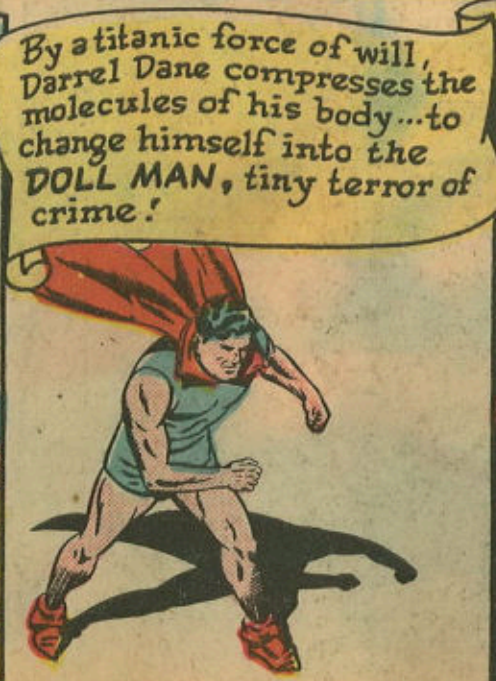
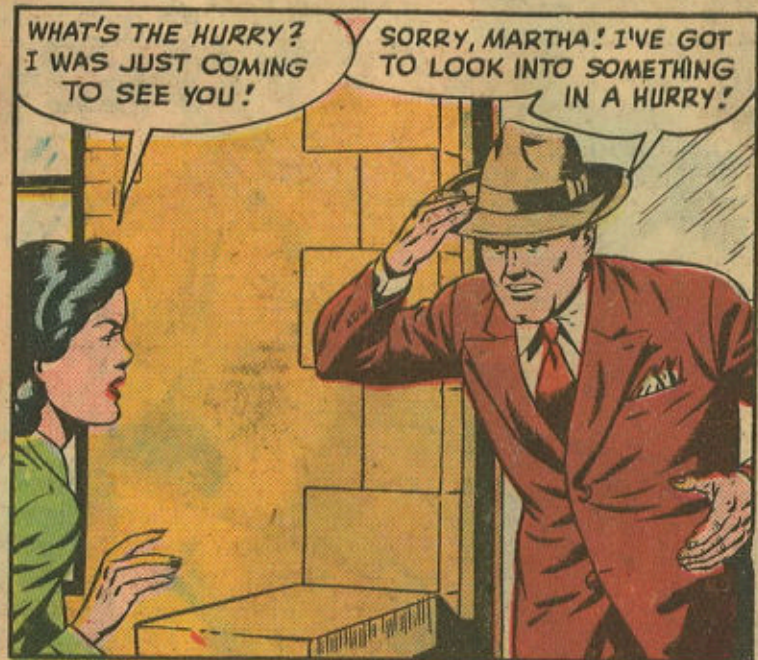
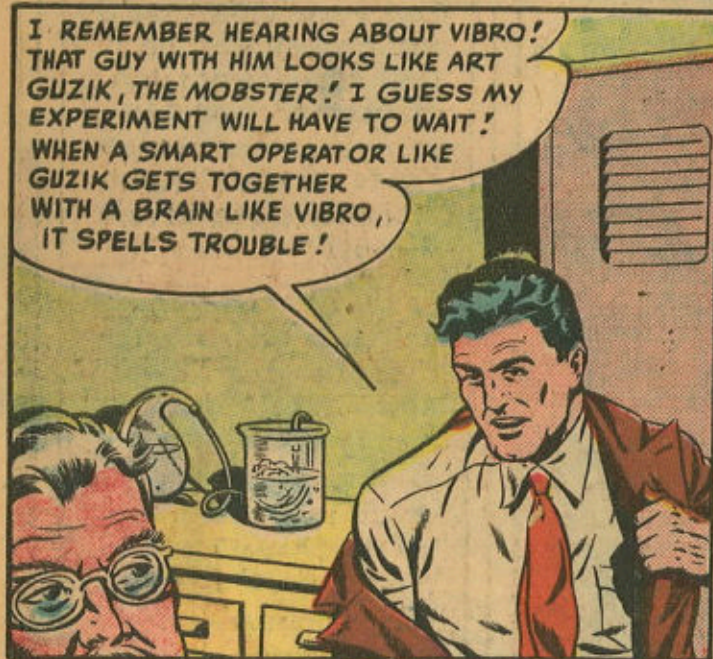
But even Vibro could not cope with the Doll Man, tiny titan of justice, who can compress the molecules of his body by a tremendous effort of will!

Only Martha Roberts and her father know that the Doll Man and Darrel Dane are one and the same! And though the world of crime doesn't share this secret, it has learned to regard the diminutive champion of justice with awe and fear!

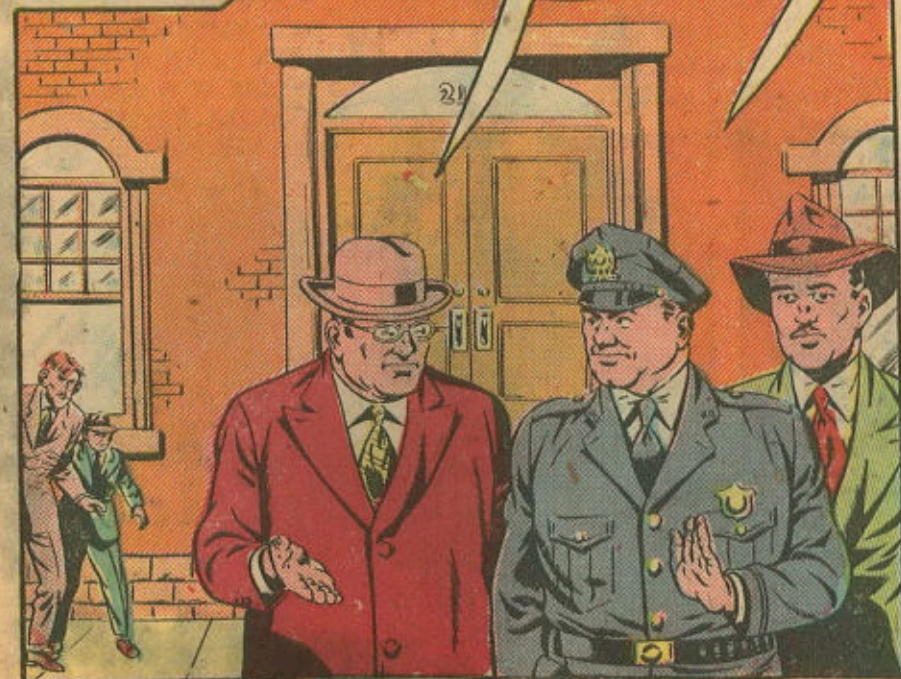
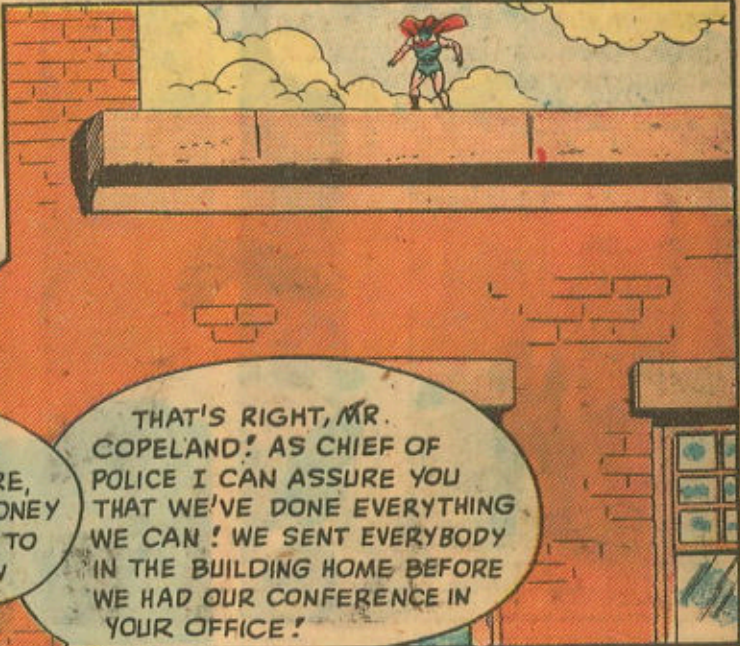
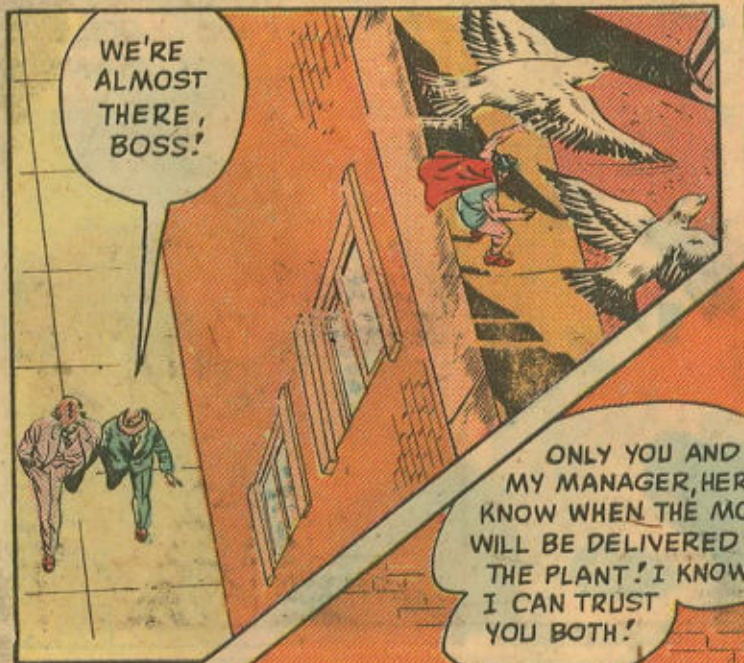


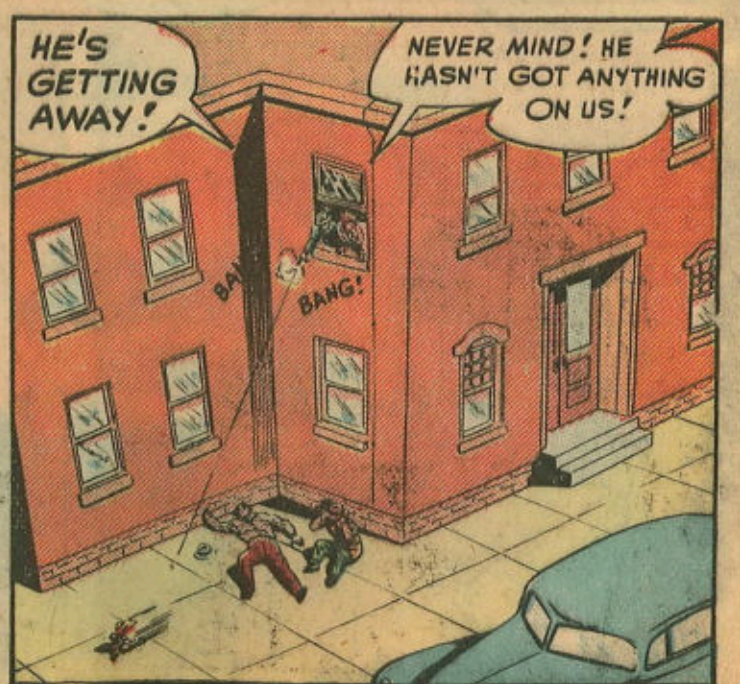
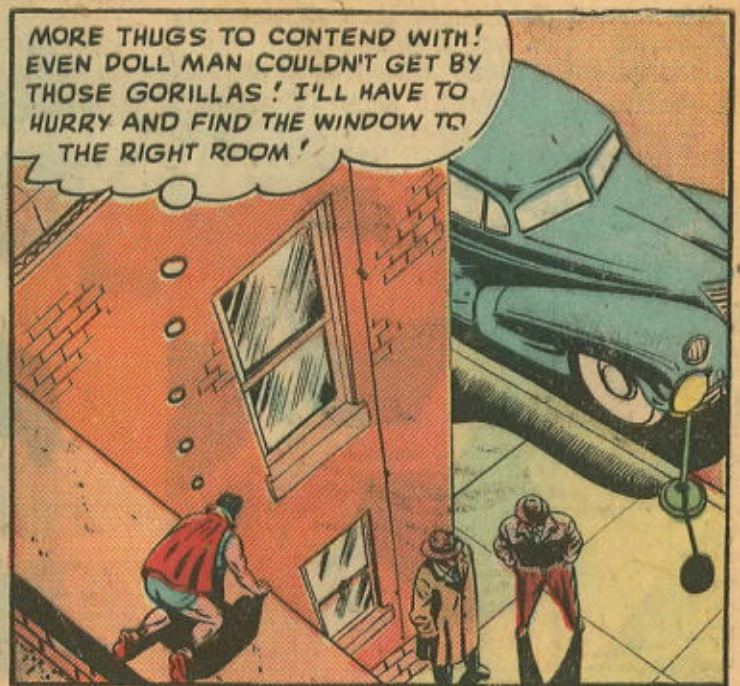


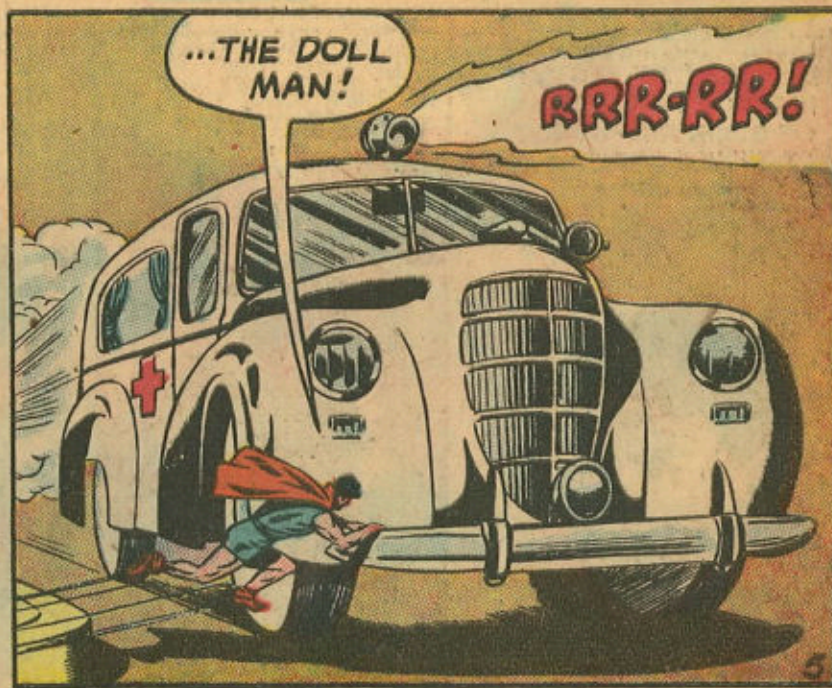
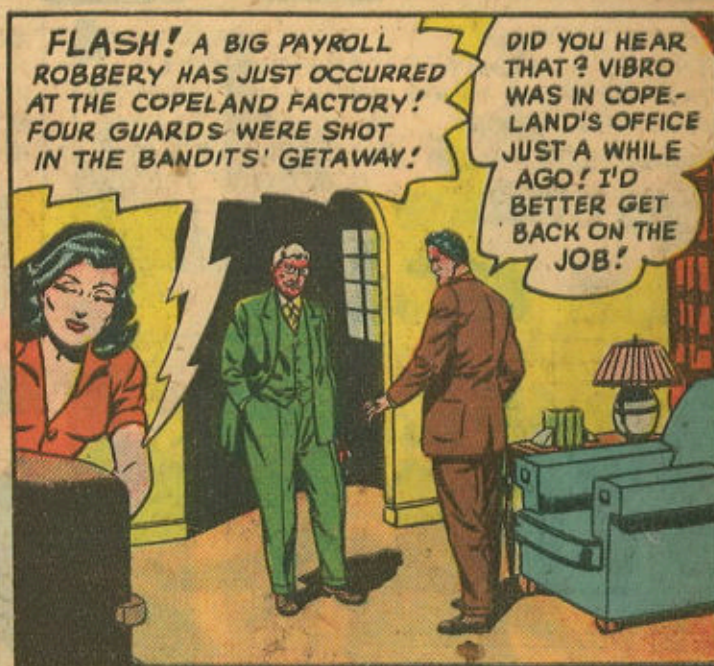
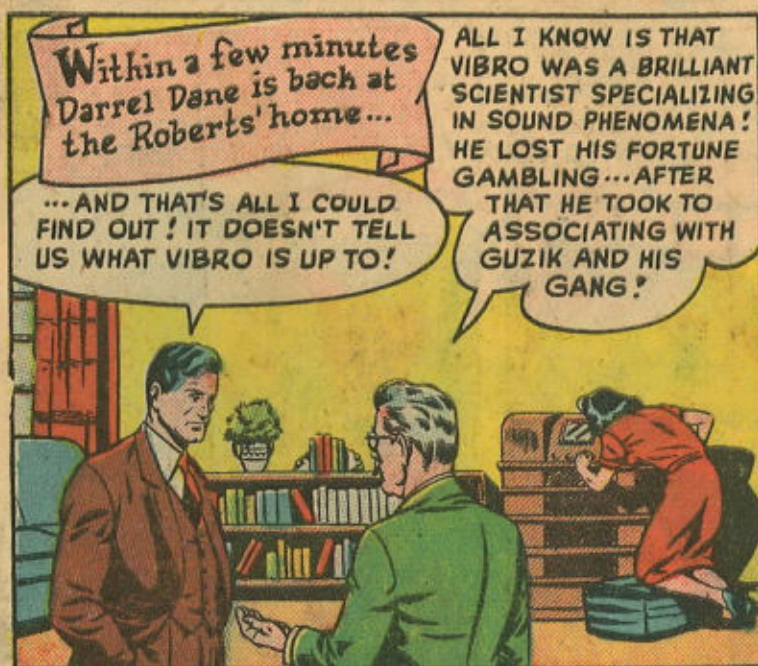
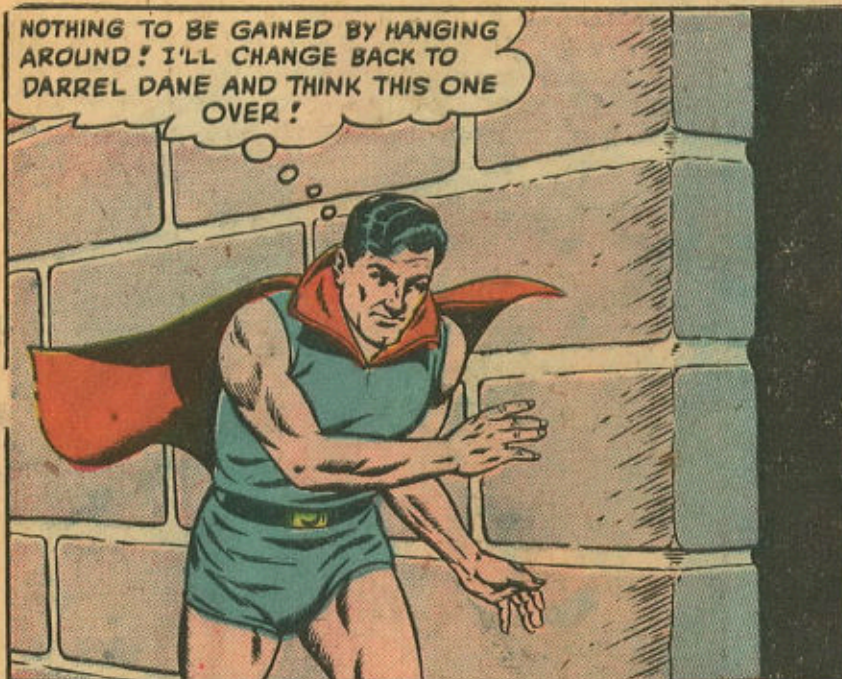
One day, as Darrel Dane and Dr. Roberts are at work in their laboratory...

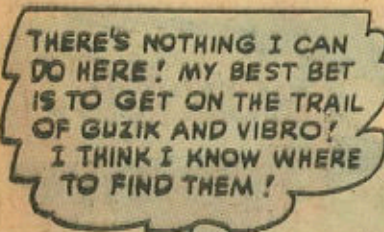
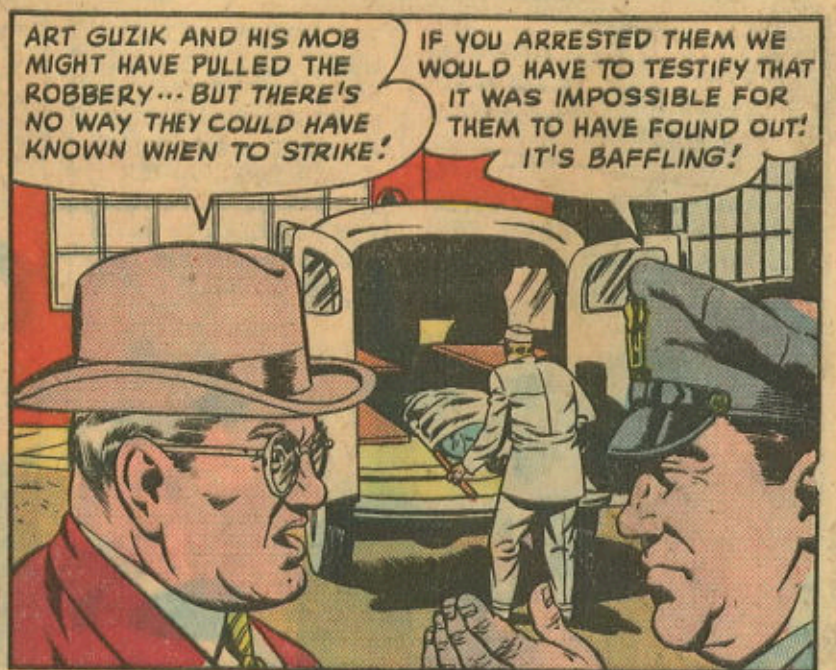
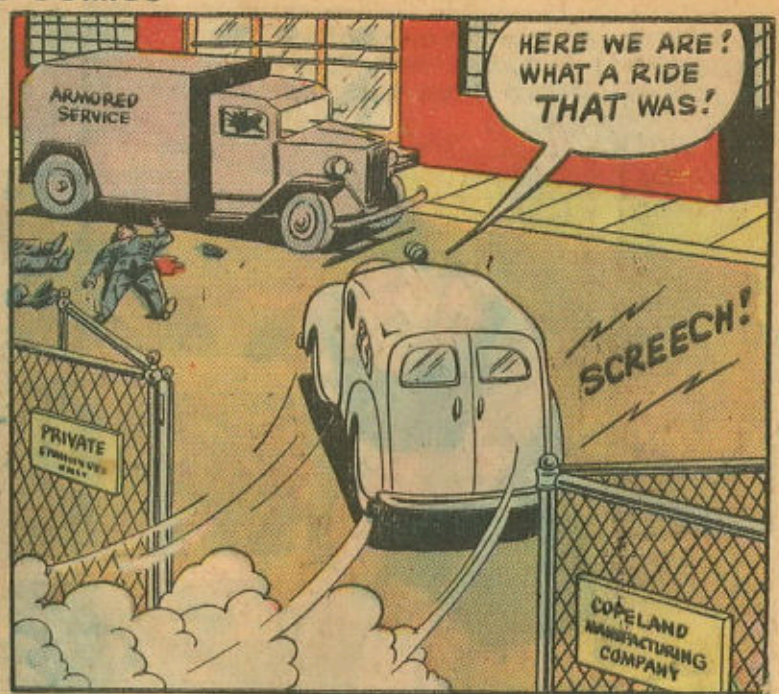
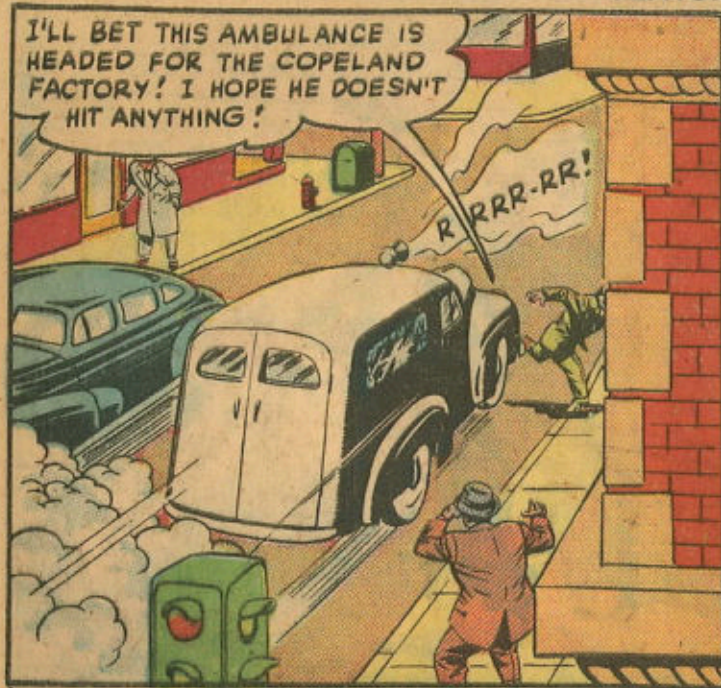


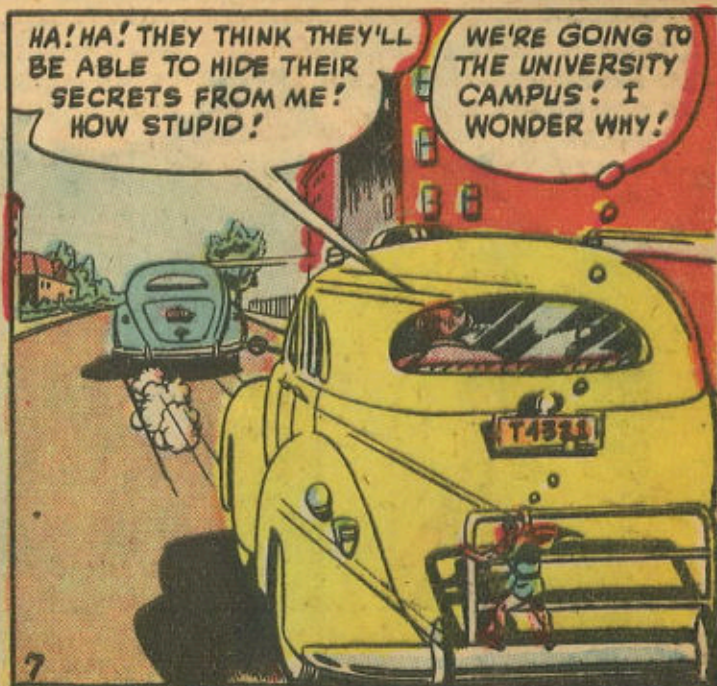
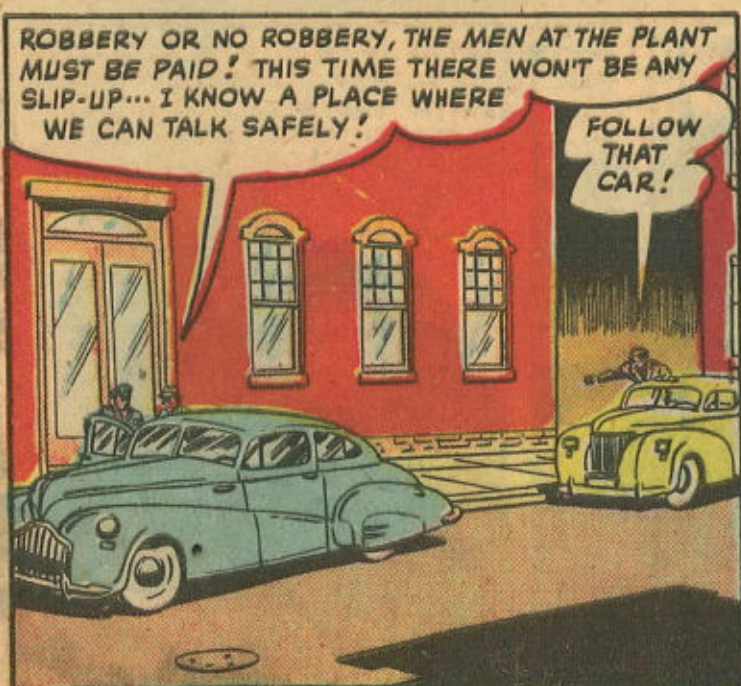
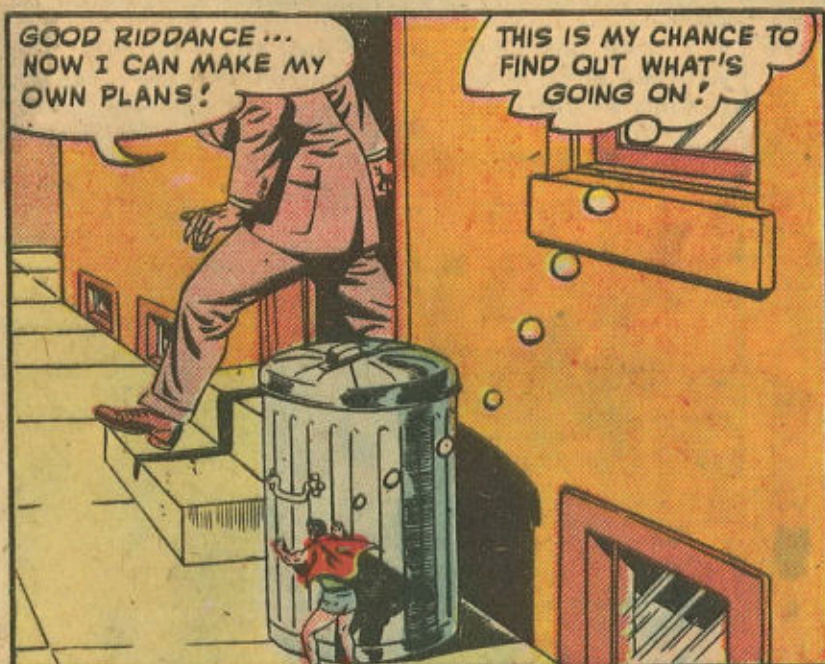
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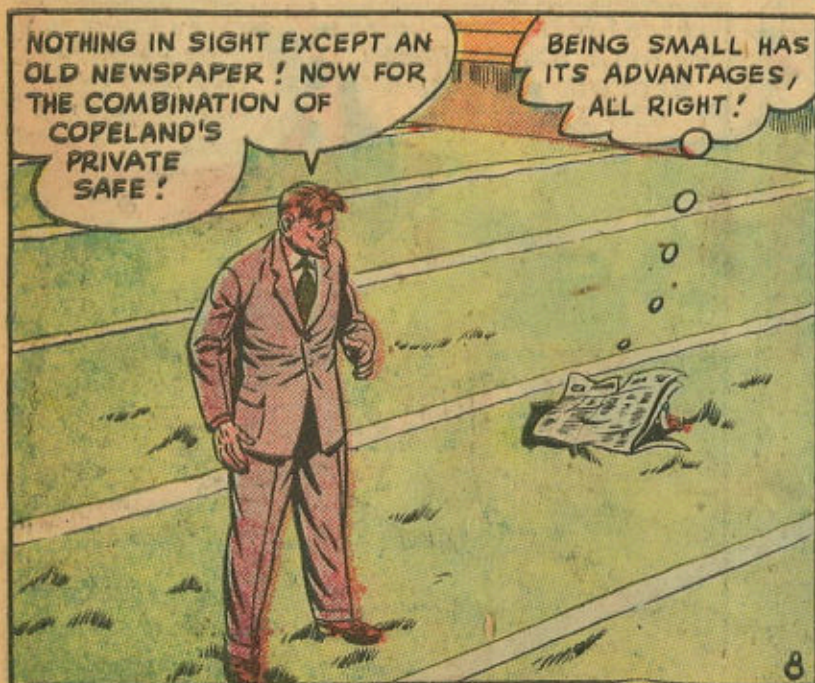
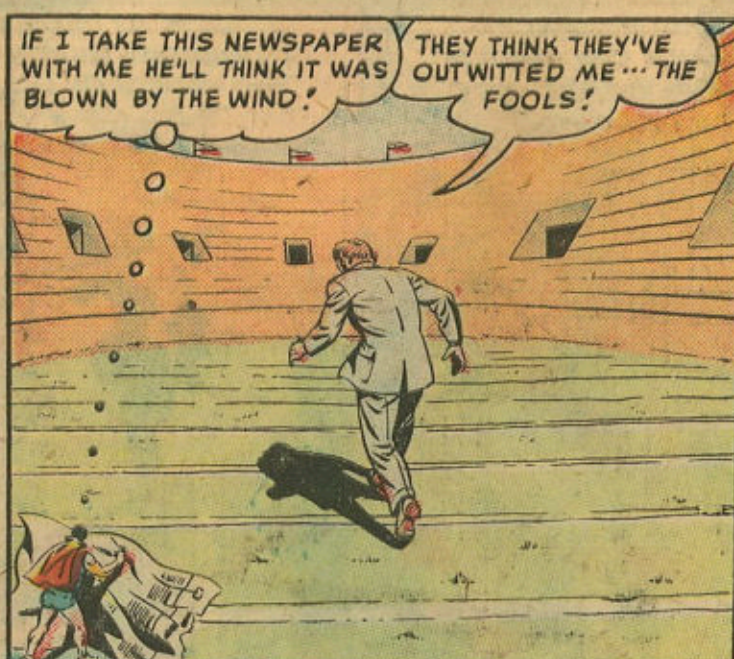
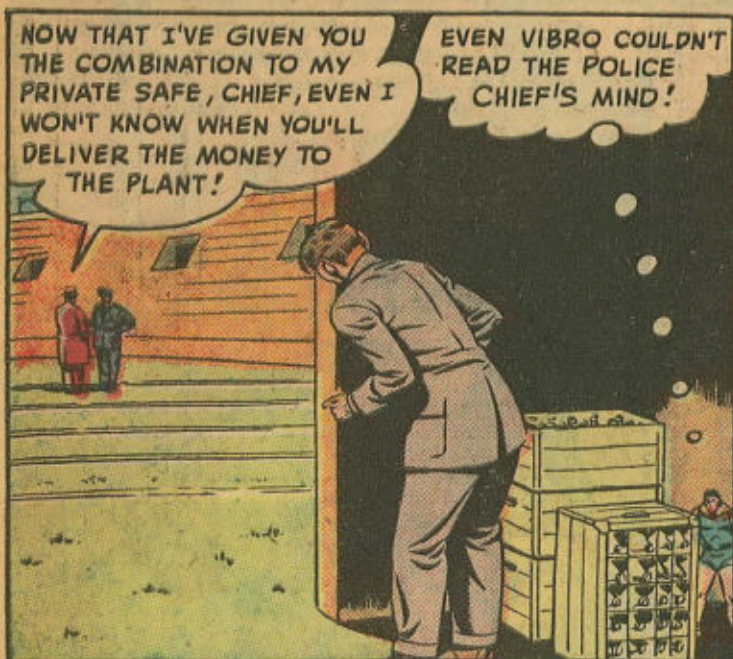




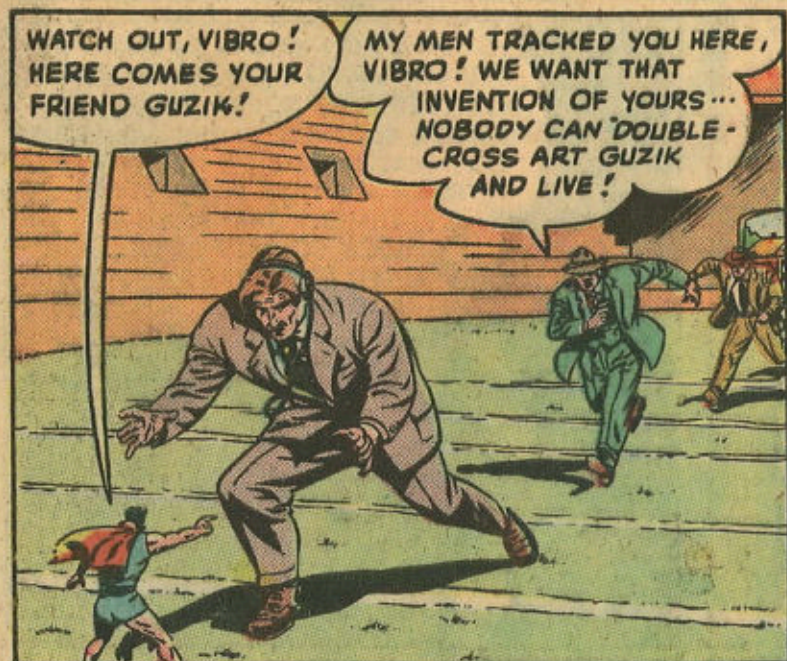
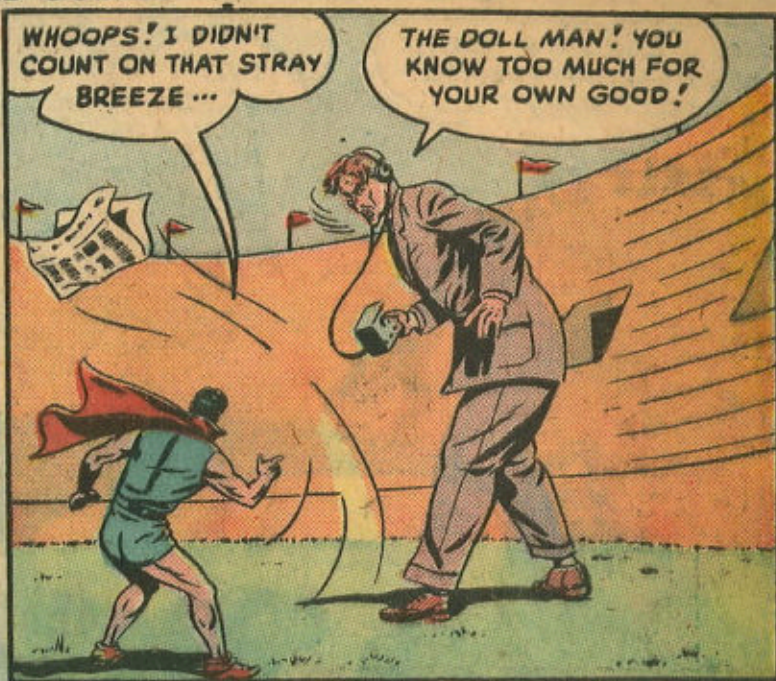
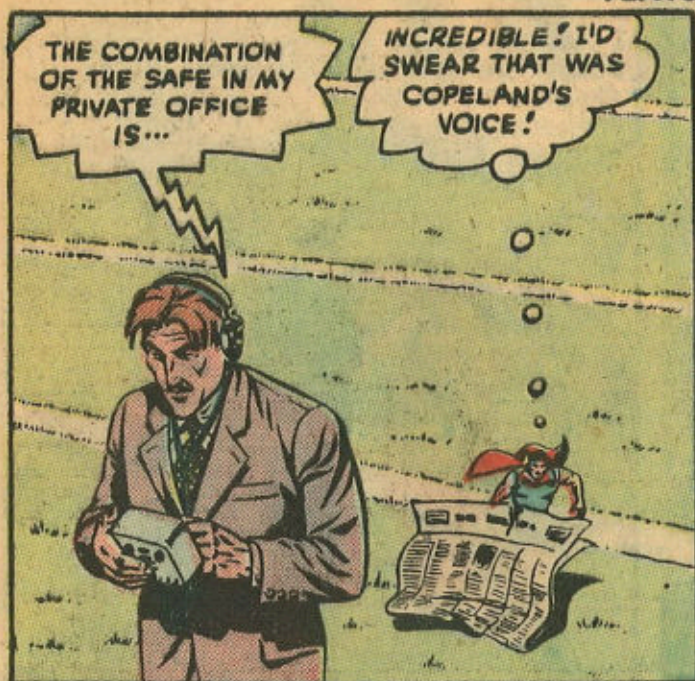


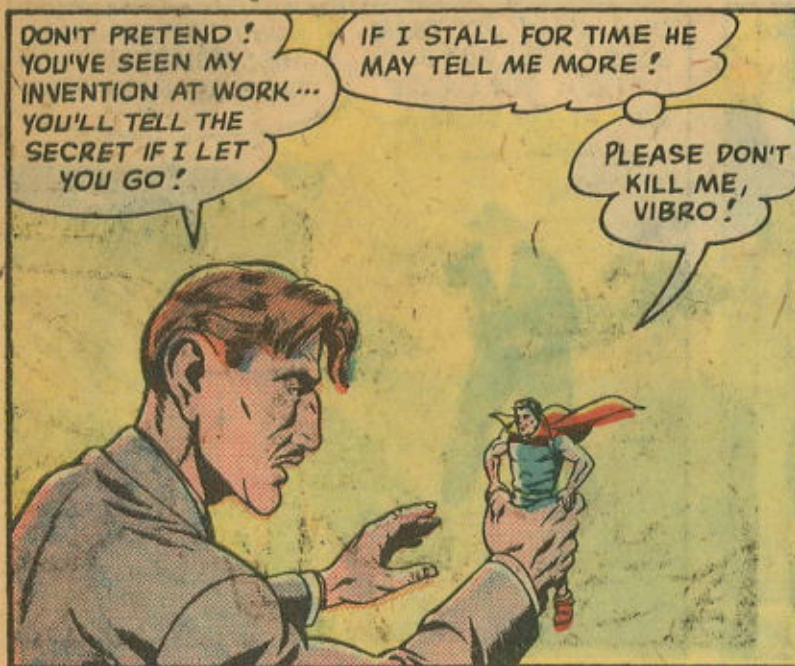
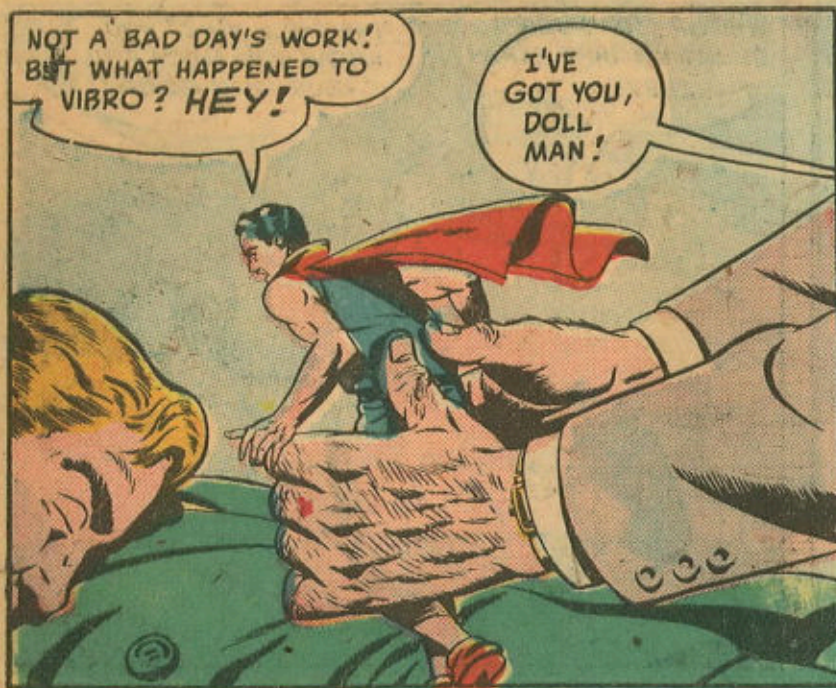


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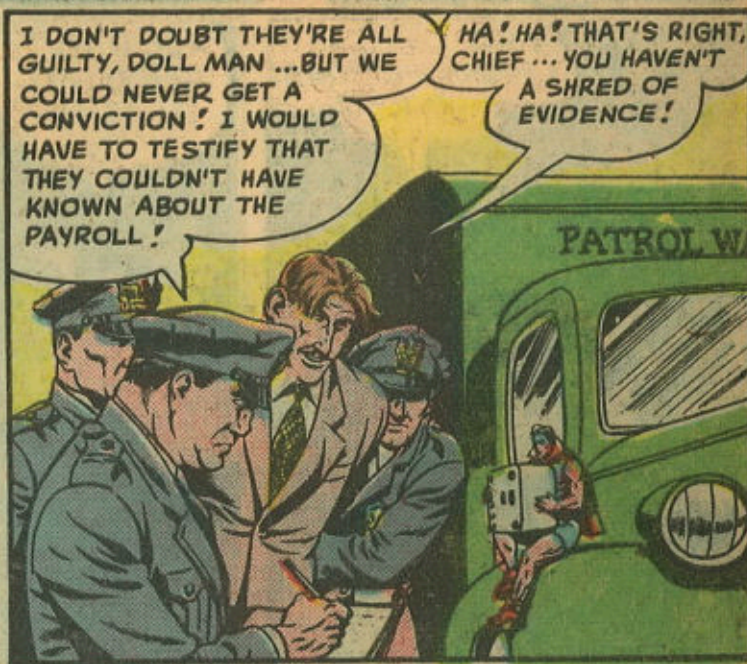
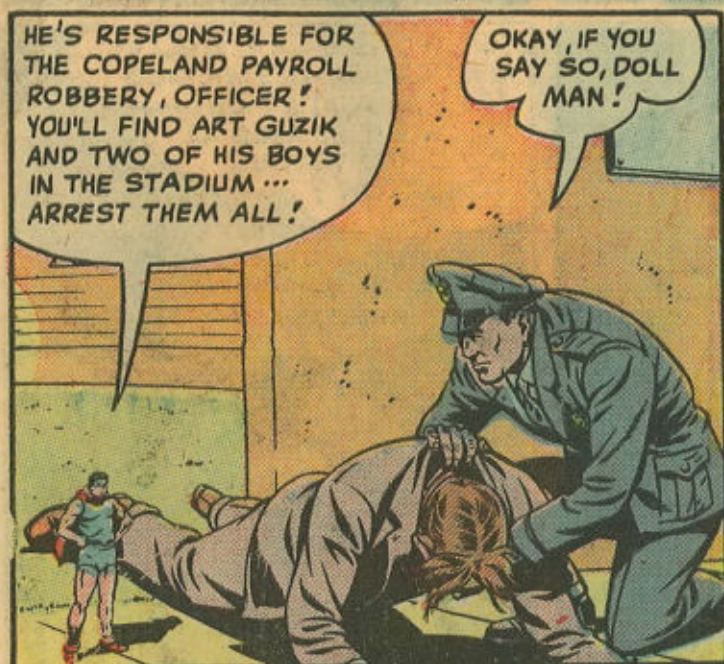
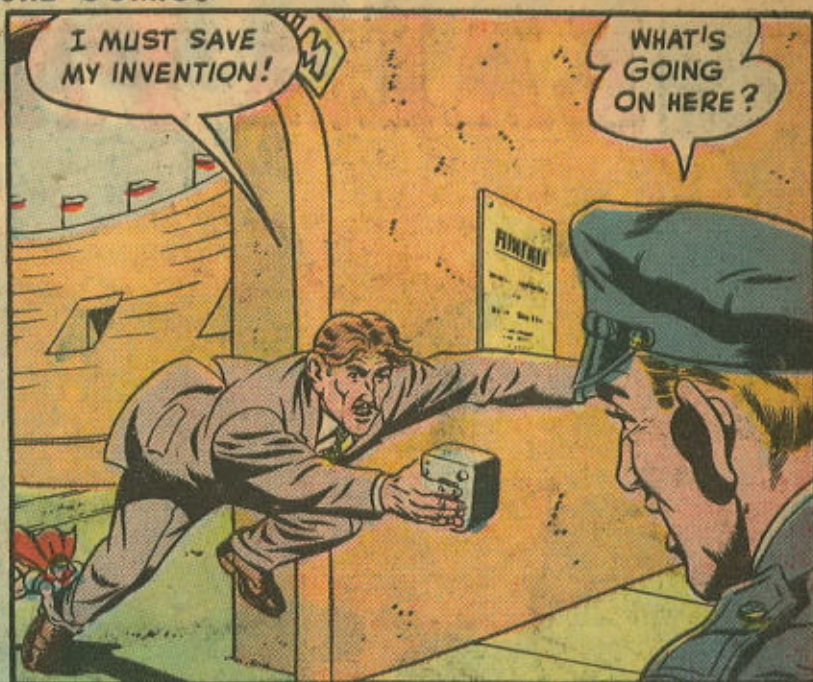
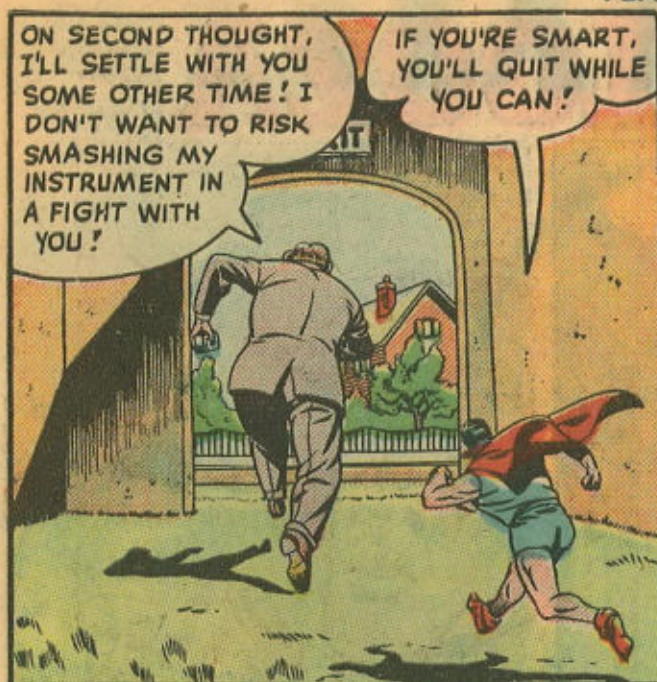


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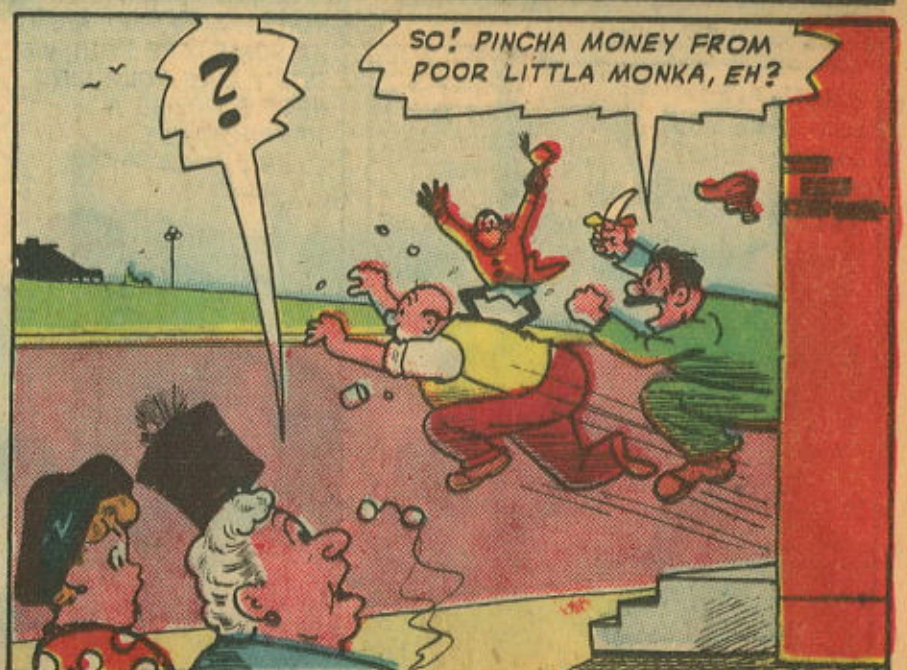
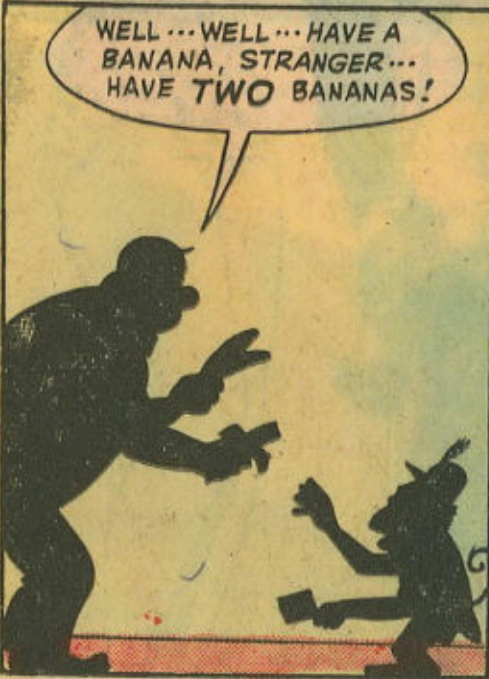
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LALA PALOOZA



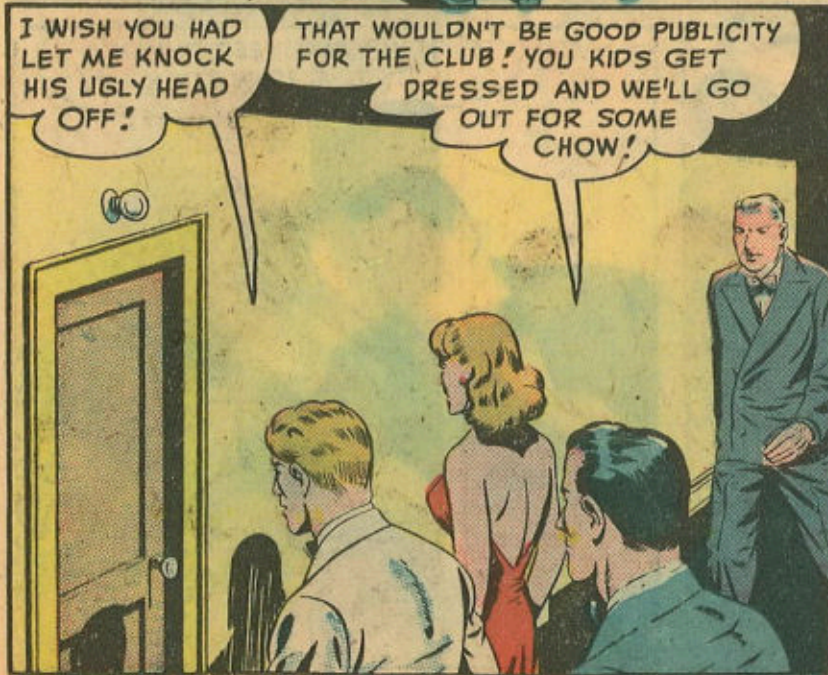
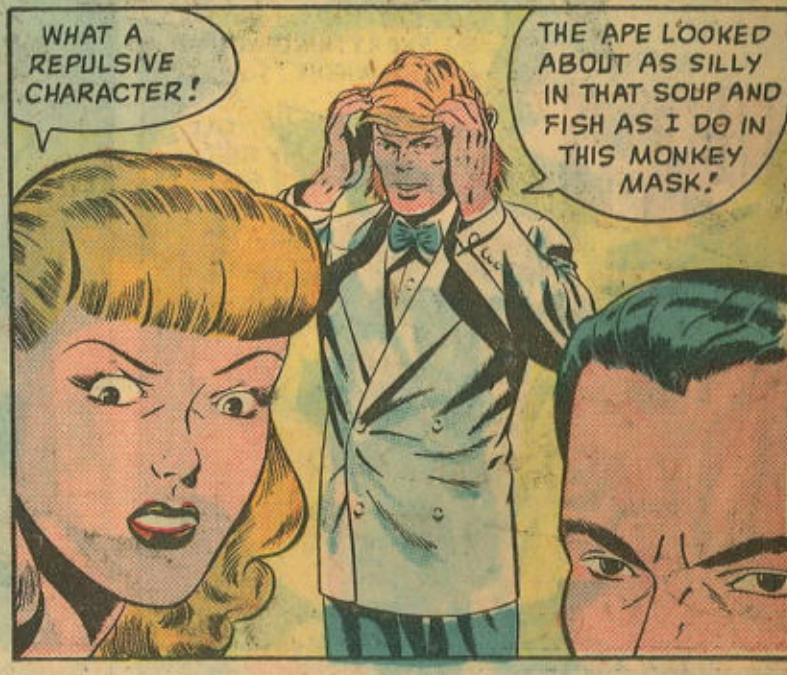
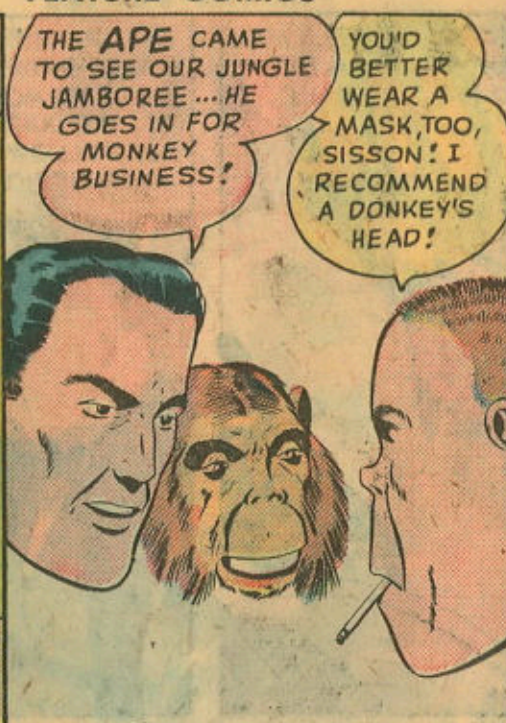
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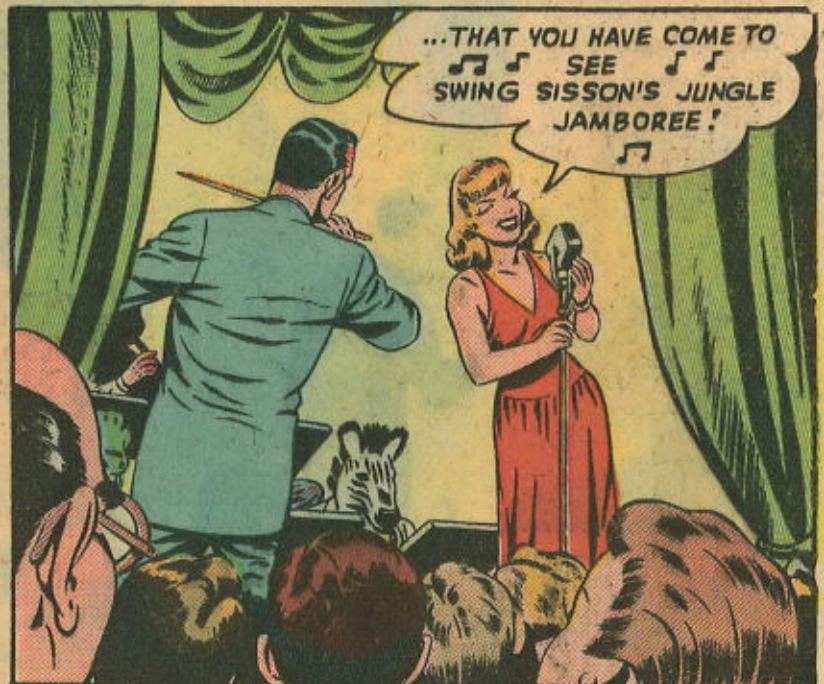
Swing Sisson

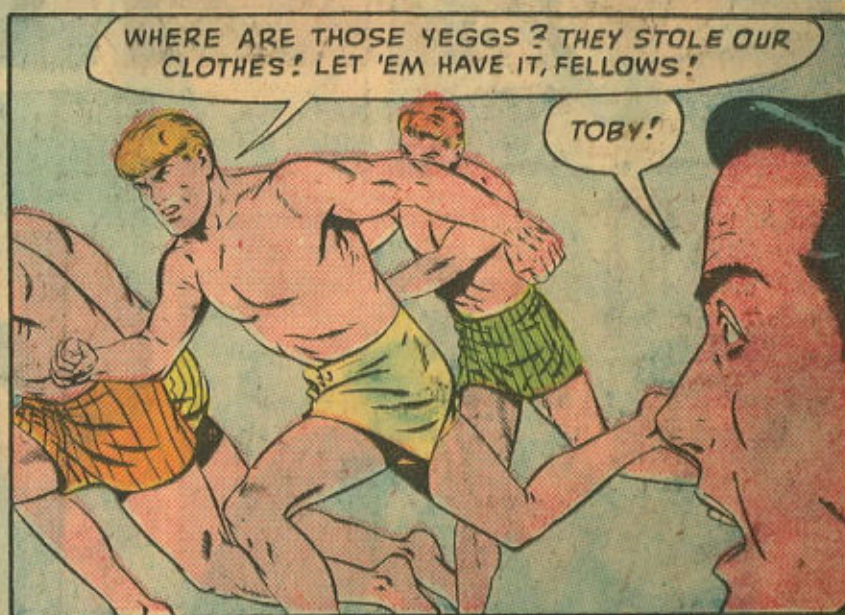


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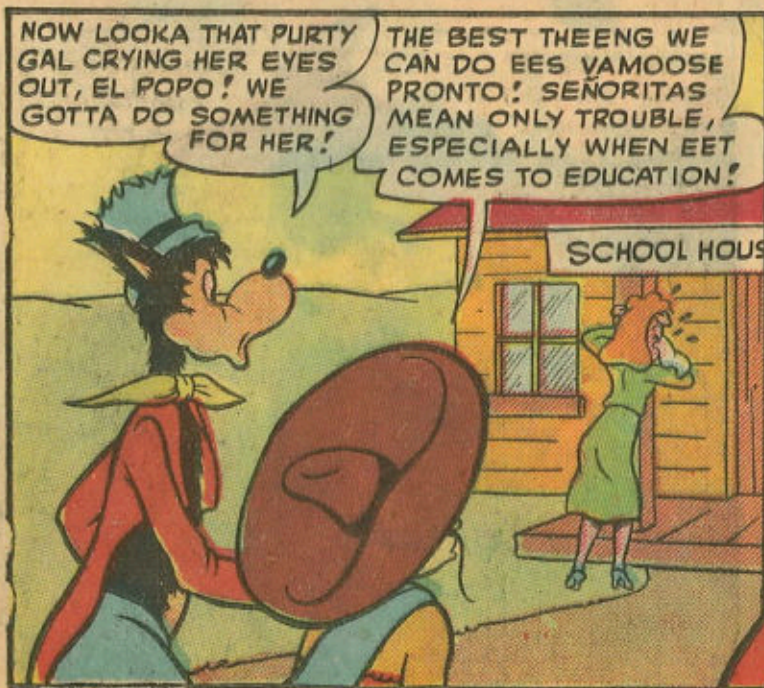
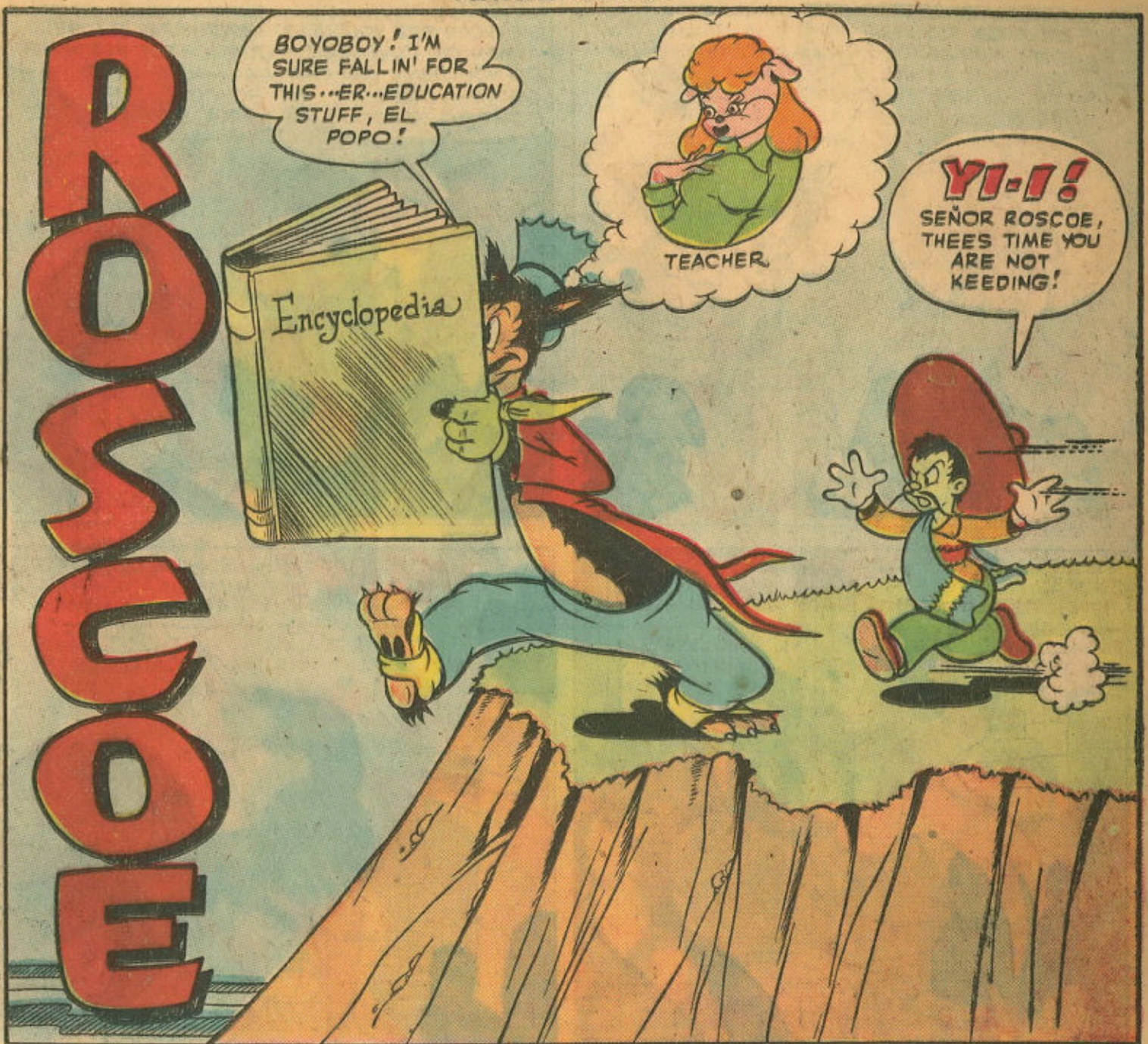
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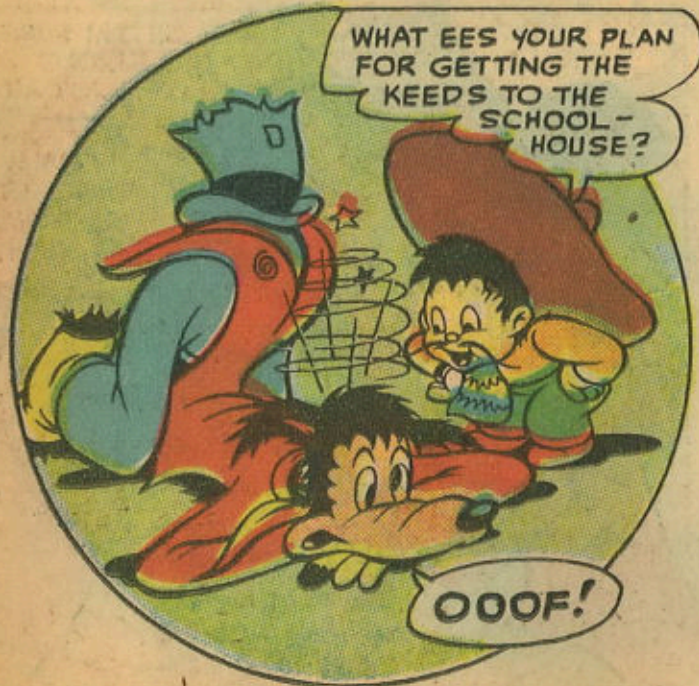
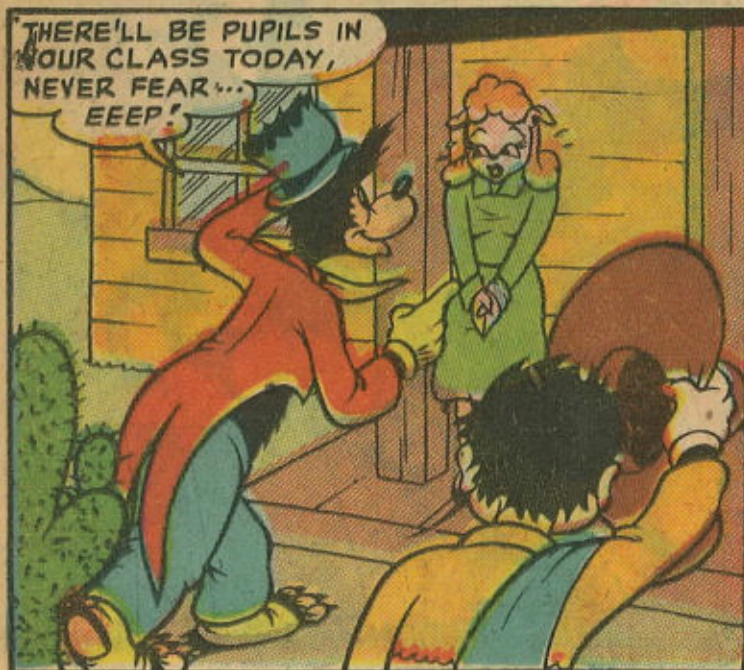
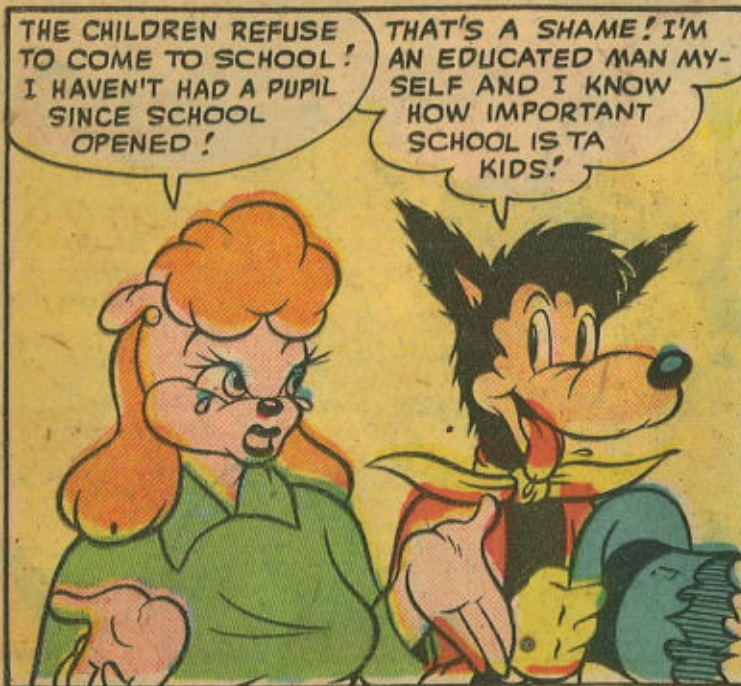


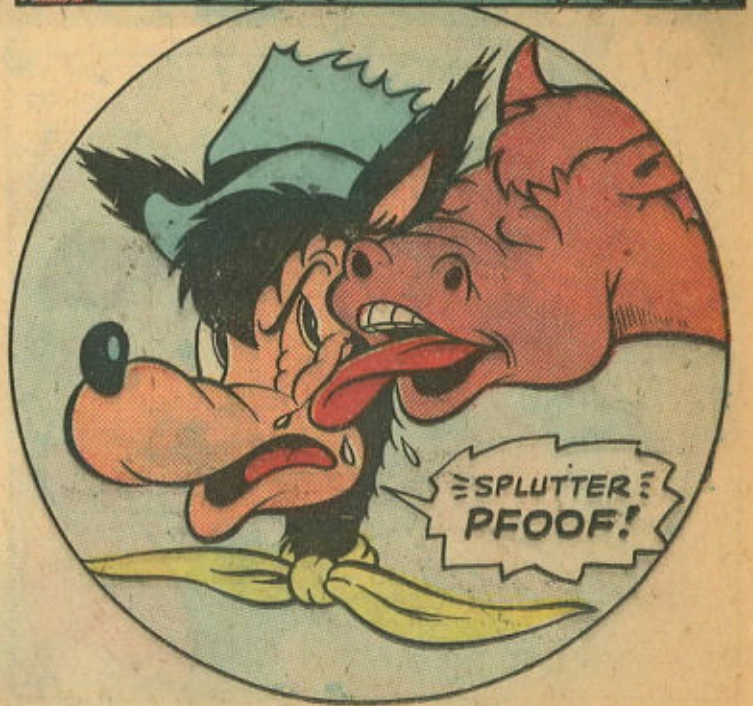
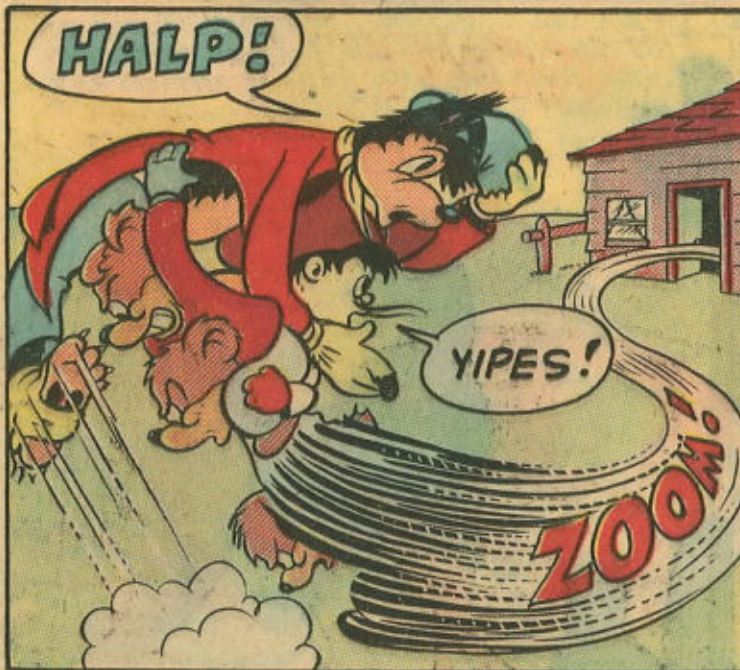
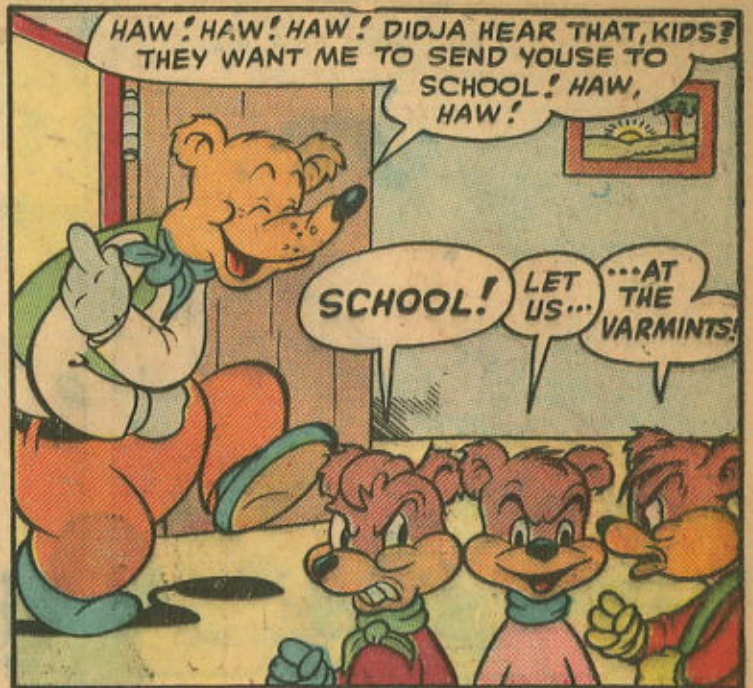


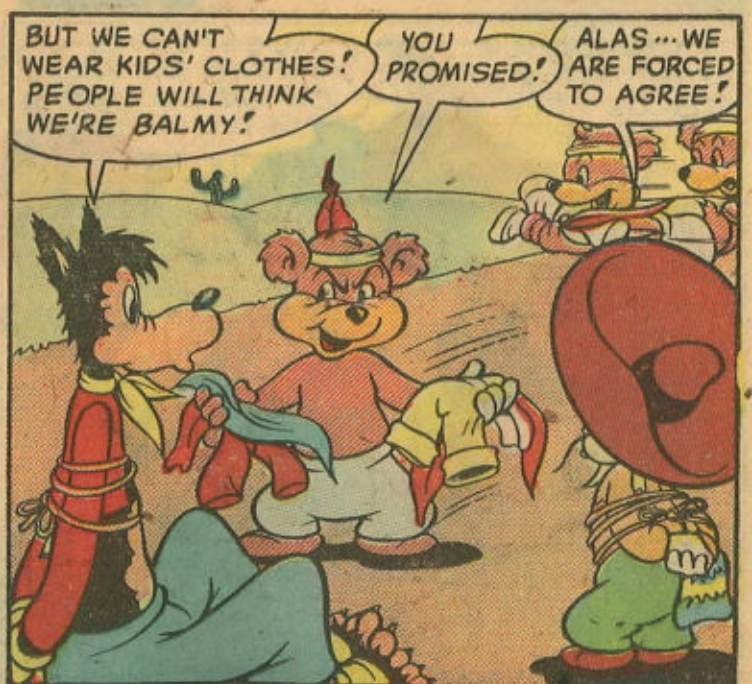
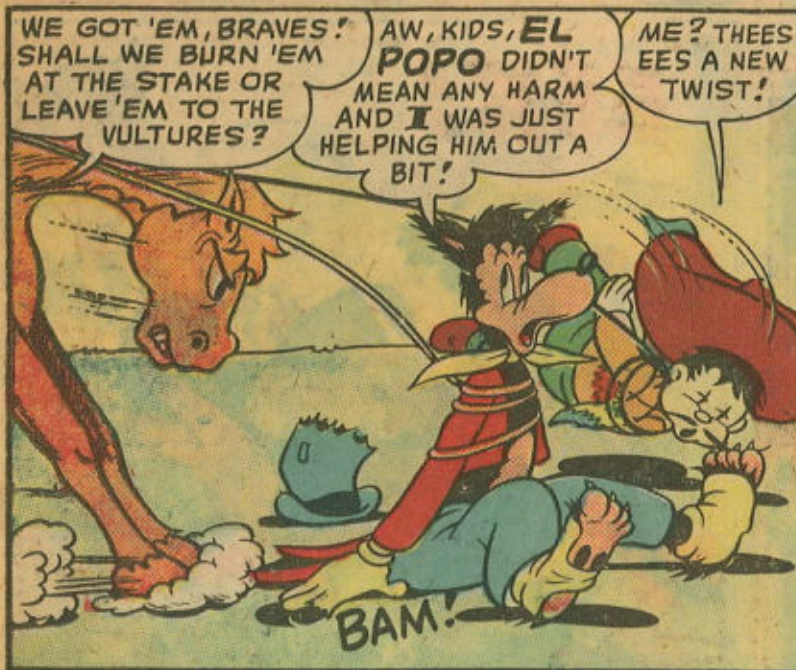
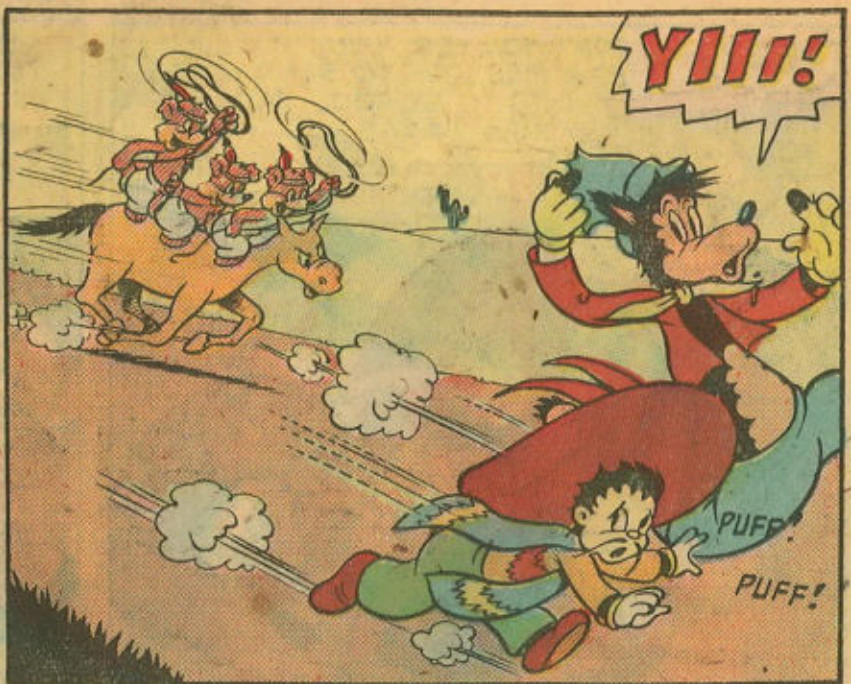
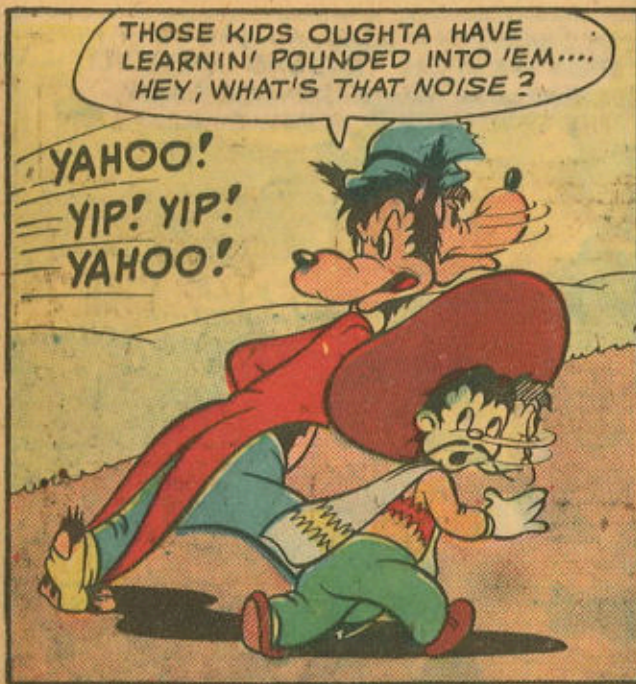
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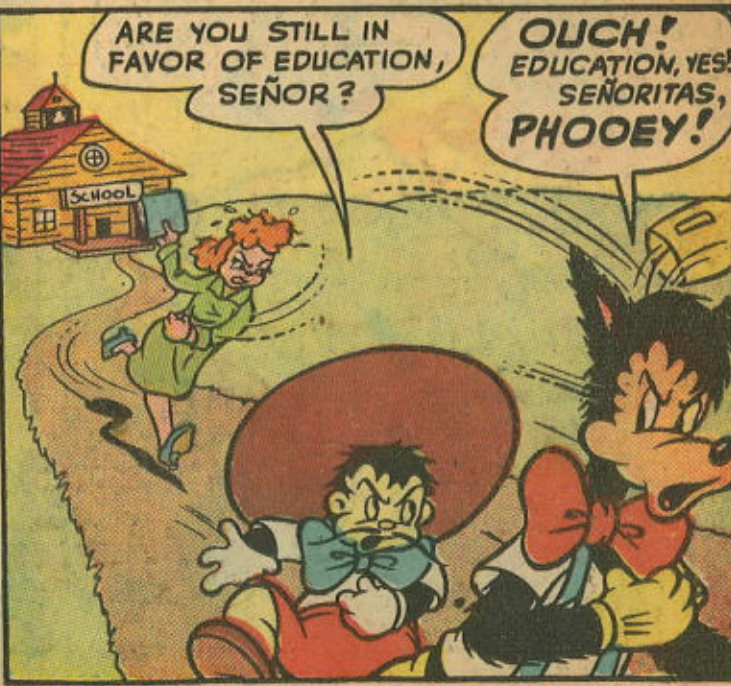
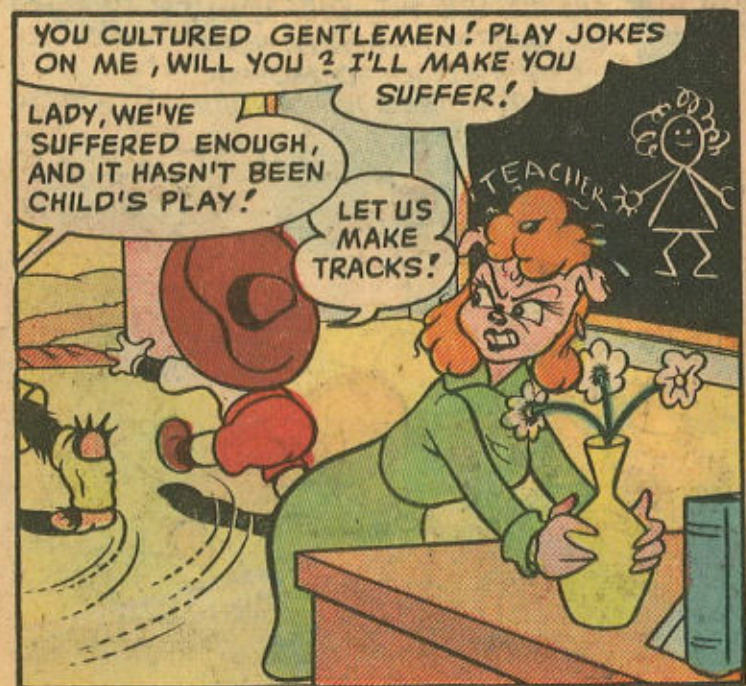
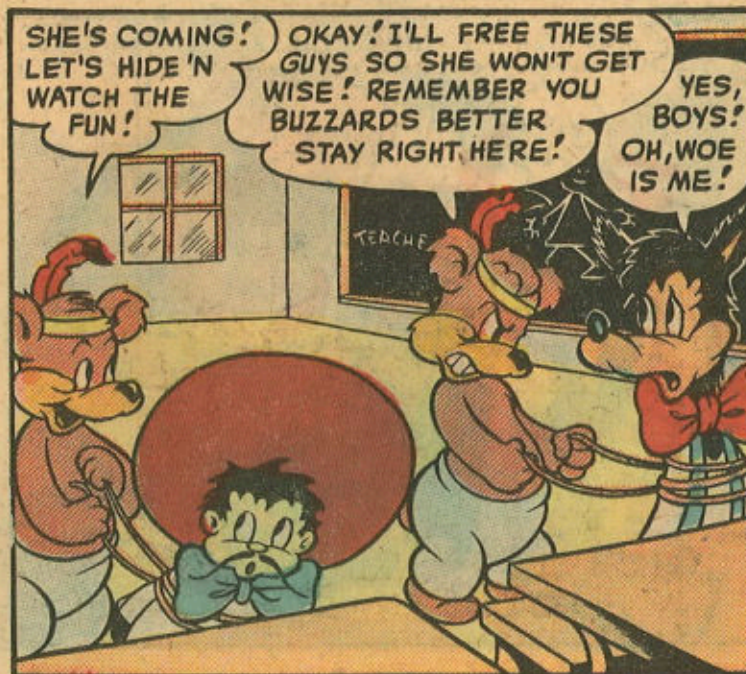
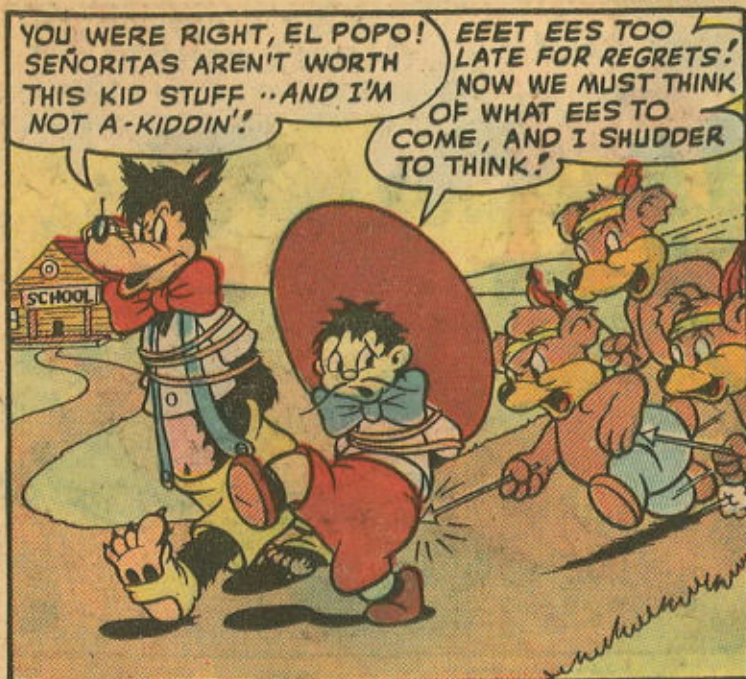


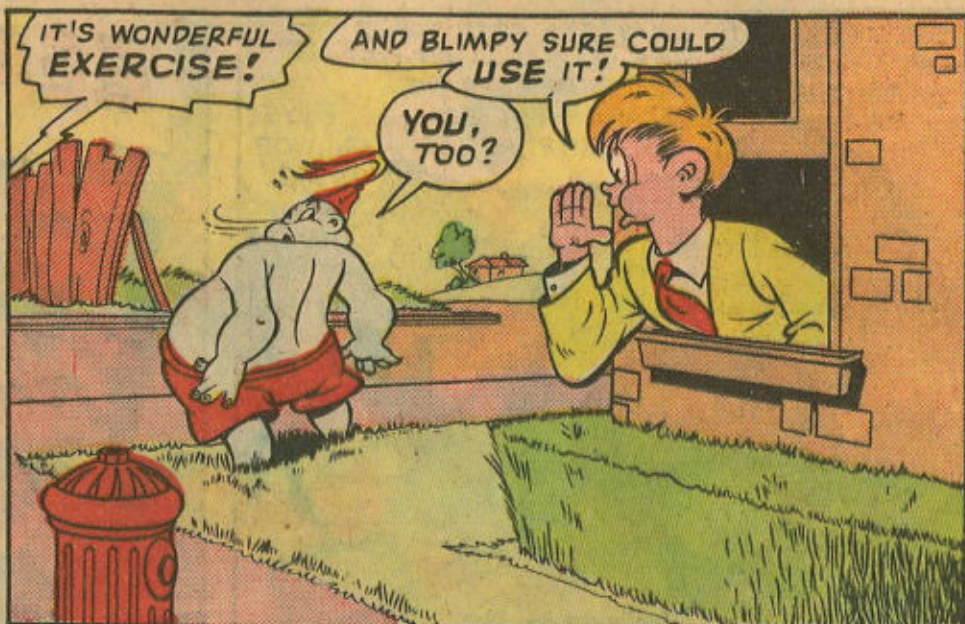
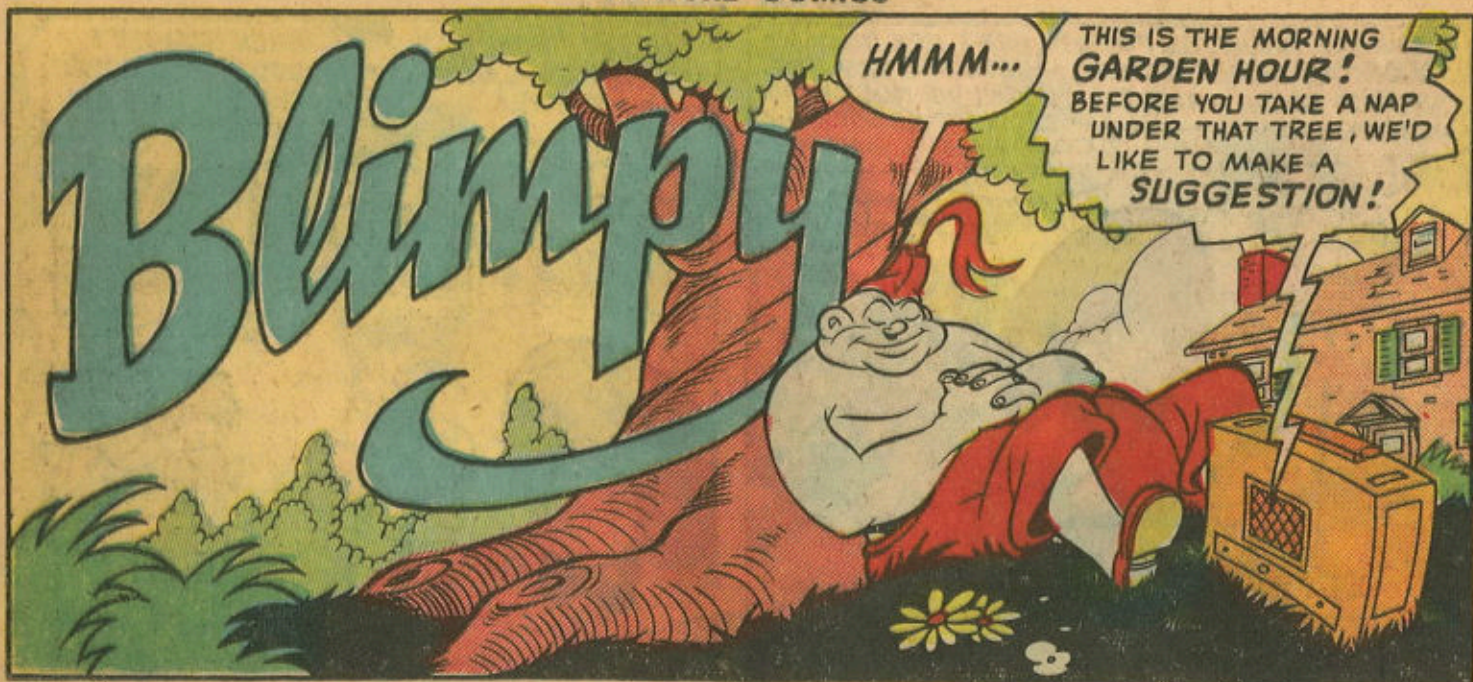












FEATURE COMICS

THAT'S WHY WE SUGGEST YOU BUY OUR **SUPER-SNIPPER** ELECTRIC MOWER! IT FREES YOU FOR OTHER TASKS!

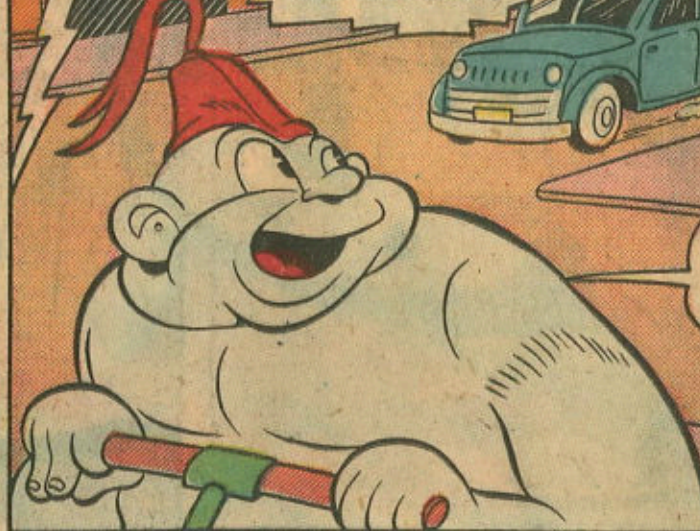
HMF!



LOOK FOR THE **SUPER-SNIPPER** TRUCK IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD NOW! IT'S PROBABLY ROLLING DOWN YOUR STREET AT THIS MOMENT!



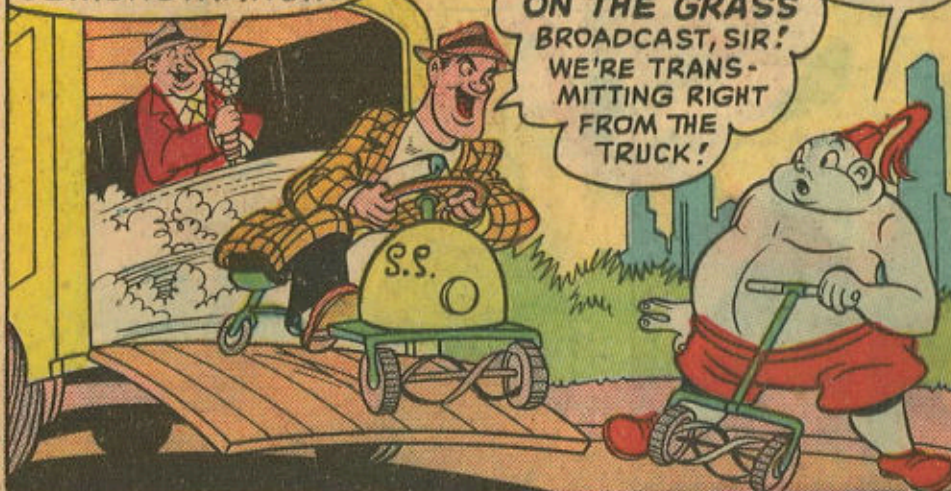
WOW!
HERE IT COMES!



YES-SIR, FOLKS!
WE'RE READY FOR THE **RADIO DEMONSTRATION!**

GOSH! COME TO THINK OF IT...HOW DID YOU FELLOWS KNOW I'M HERE?

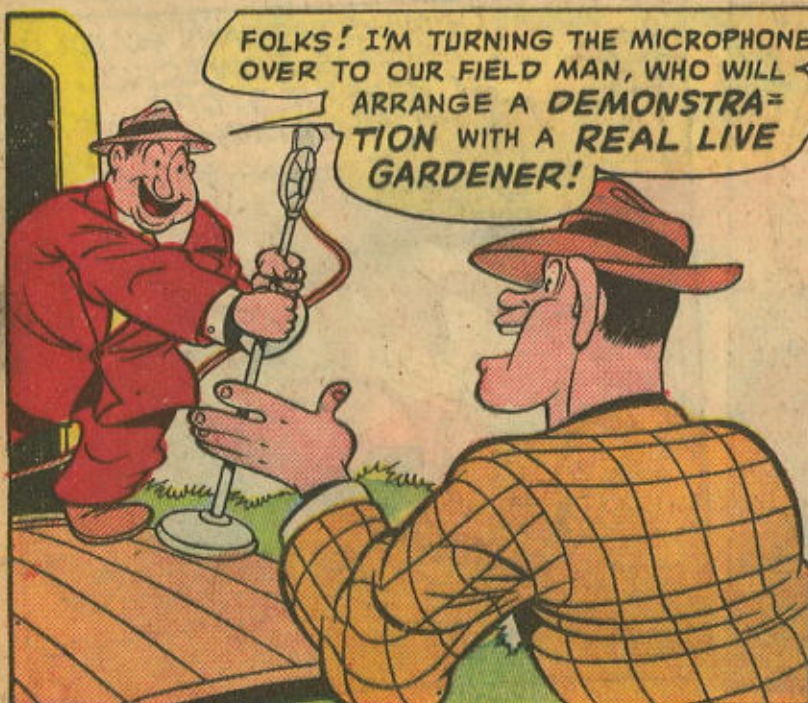
THIS IS A **MAN ON THE GRASS** BROADCAST, SIR! WE'RE TRANSMITTING RIGHT FROM THE TRUCK!



HAND ME THE MICROPHONE, JOE!

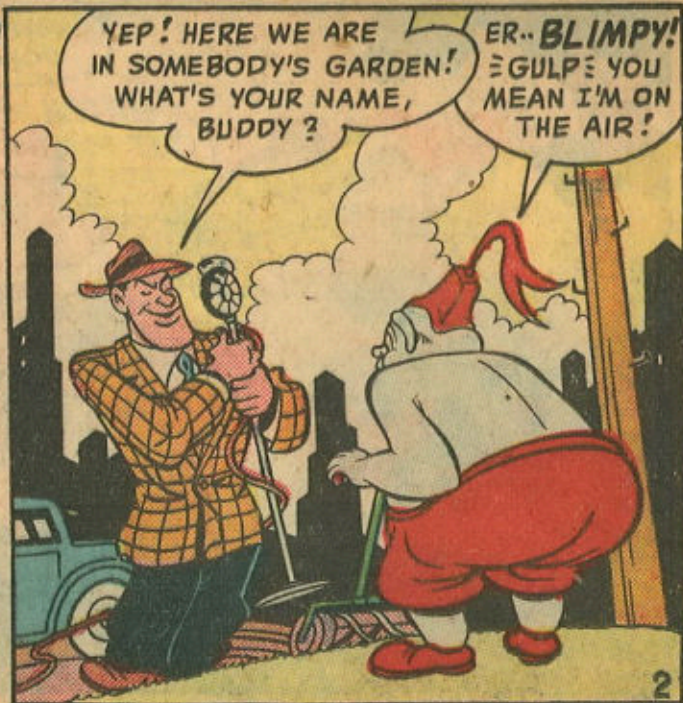


FOLKS! I'M TURNING THE MICROPHONE OVER TO OUR FIELD MAN, WHO WILL ARRANGE A **DEMONSTRATION** WITH A **REAL LIVE GARDENER!**



YEP! HERE WE ARE IN SOMEBODY'S GARDEN! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BUDDY?

ER.. **BLIMPY!** GULP! YOU MEAN I'M ON THE AIR!



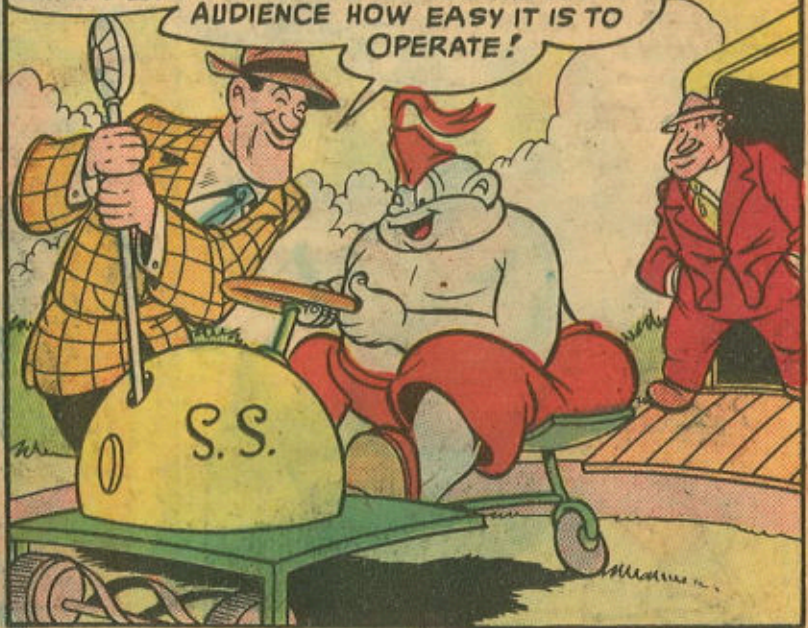
At the Super-Snipper main office...

GOOD IDEA, BOSS...PUTTING THE NEW MOWER INTO THE HANDS OF THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION!

NOW, BLIMPY, MY GOOD FRIEND...

VICE PRESIDENT

I'M ATTACHING THE MICROPHONE TO THE **SUPER-SNIPPER** ...SO YOU CAN TELL THE RADIO AUDIENCE HOW EASY IT IS TO OPERATE!



GIVE US A **GOOD** DEMONSTRATION AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A **FREE SUPER-SNIPPER!**

SURE THING! HELLO, EVERYONE! I'M OFF!

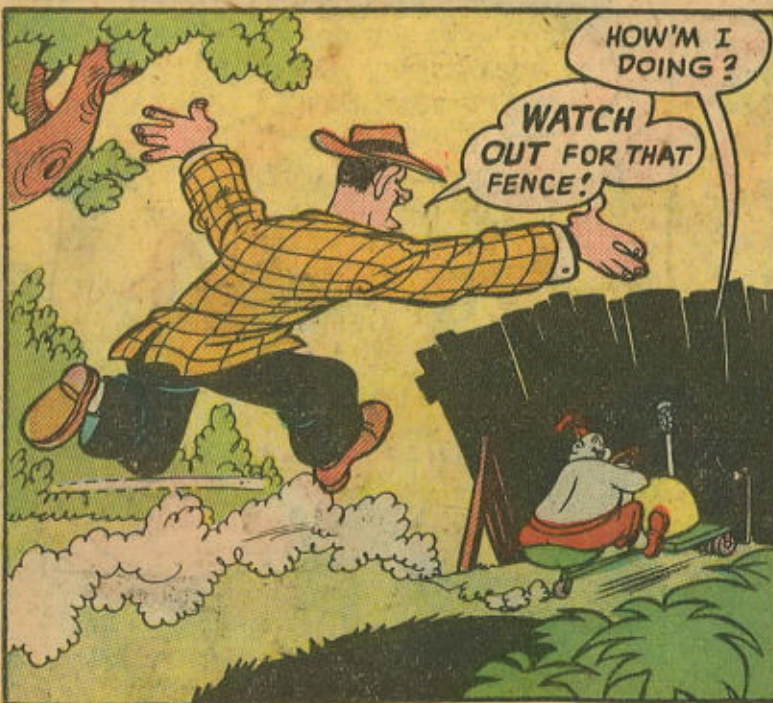


MY **SUPER-SNIPPER** IS ROLLING AWAY LIKE A DREAM, CUTTING THE GRASS LIKE A RAZOR!

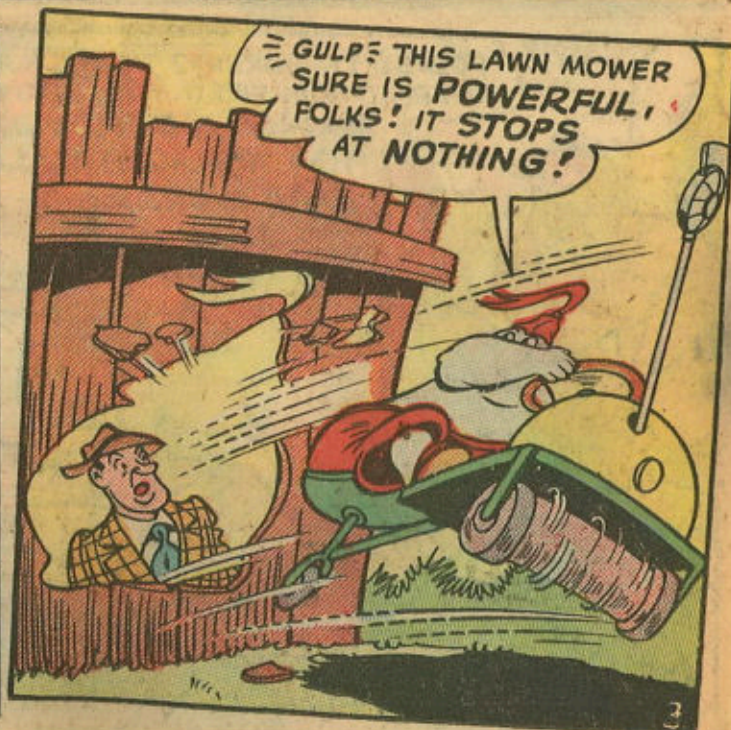


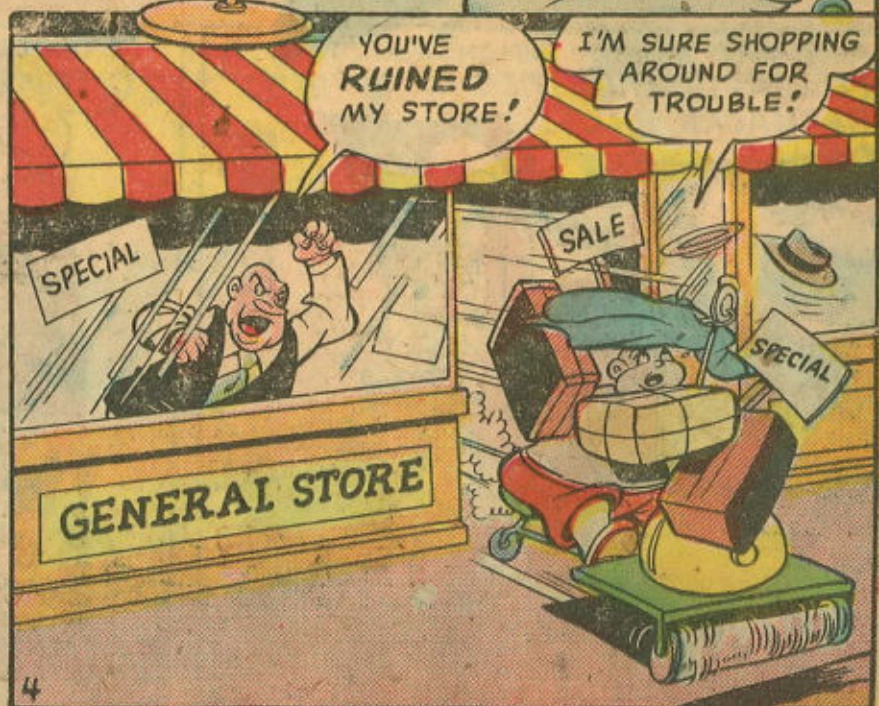
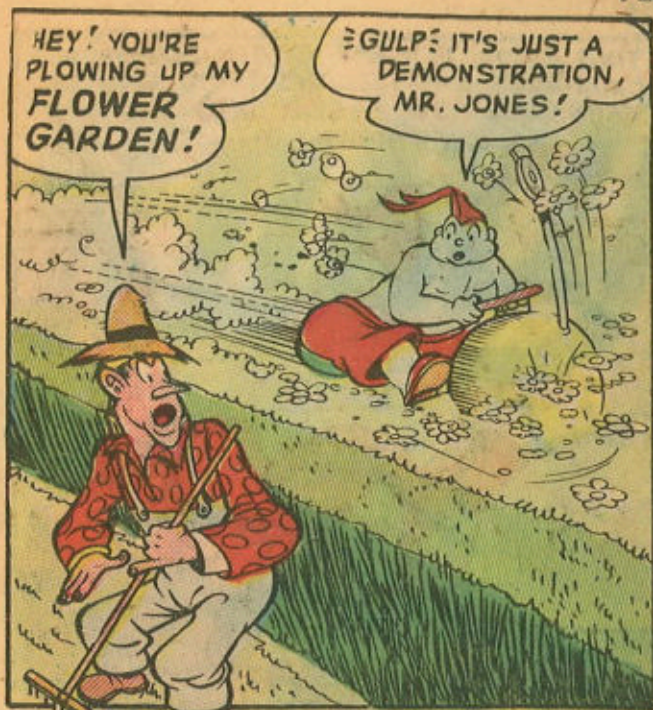
HOW'M I DOING?

WATCH OUT FOR THAT FENCE!



GULP! THIS LAWN MOWER SURE IS **POWERFUL**, FOLKS! IT STOPS AT NOTHING!





Rusty RYAN



MAN, JES' LOOK AT DAT RASCAL! AH KIN-ALMOS' FEEL DAT BLADE SHAVIN' MAH NECK!

BY ALLAH, I WOULD MOST CERTAINLY HATE TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
FOR KIDNAPPING,
CAMEL RUSTLING,
TENT
STEALING!

SHEIK
HAFFA
BEN ANA



IF YO' WANTS US, MISTAH RUSTY, YO' KIN FIND US DOWN NEAH DE BAZAAR PICKIN' UP SOUVENIRS!

OKAY, BUT KEEP AN EYE ON PATTY AND STAY OUT OF TROUBLE! I HAVE TO VISIT THE CONSUL!

WE NEED SOME FUNDS, SO AH'S GONNA INITIATE THE LOCAL CITIZENS IN THE ANCIENT ART OF STACKIN' DICE!

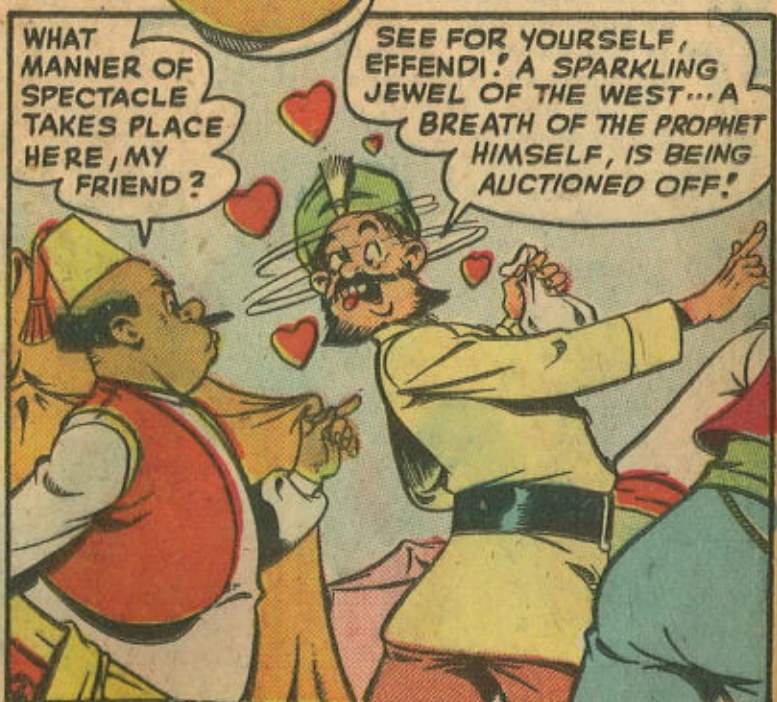
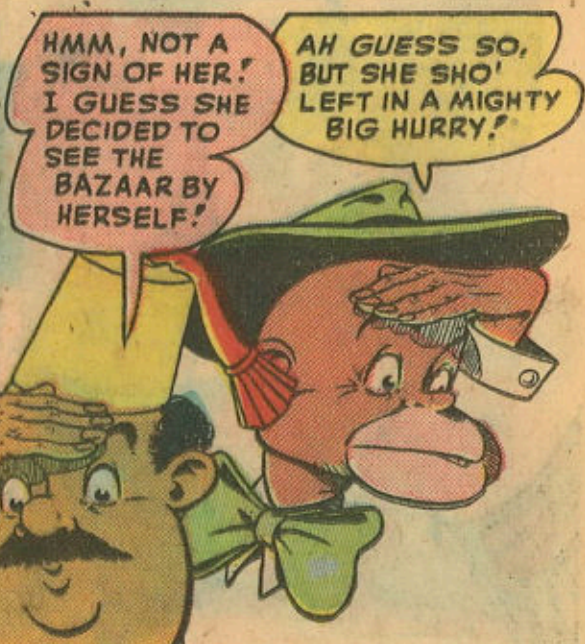
REMEMBER WHAT RUSTY SAID ABOUT STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE, BOYS!



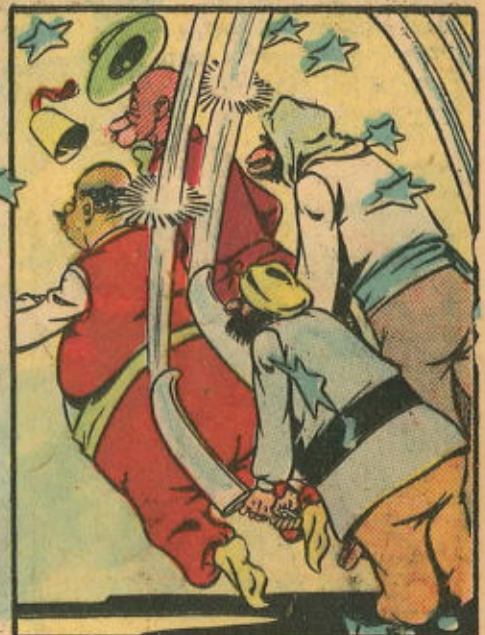
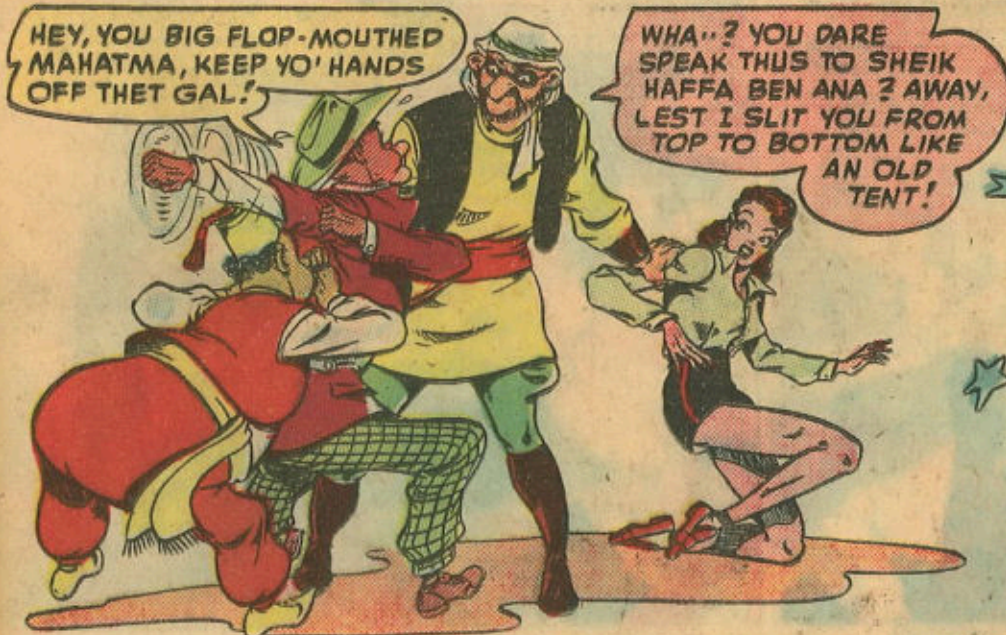
MAY ALLAH BLESS YOU, EFFENDIS!

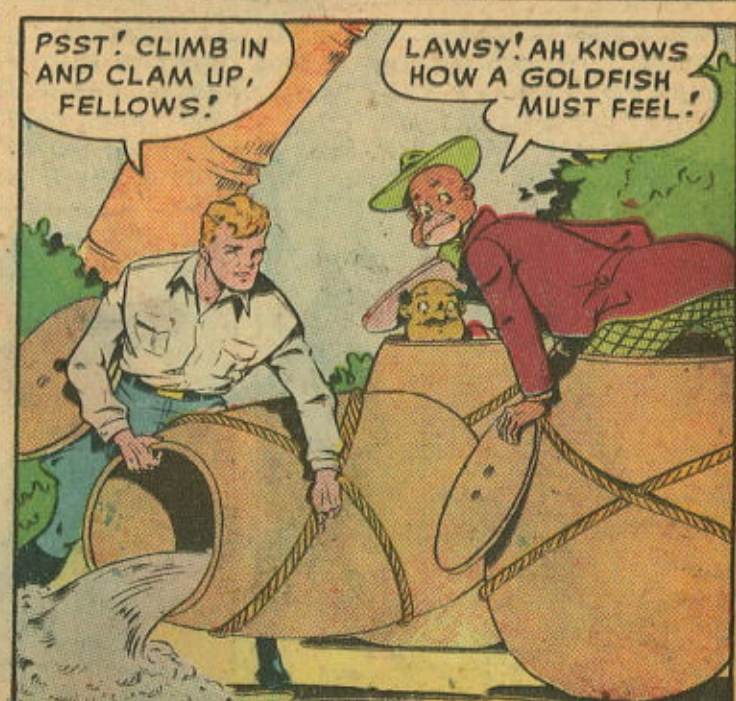
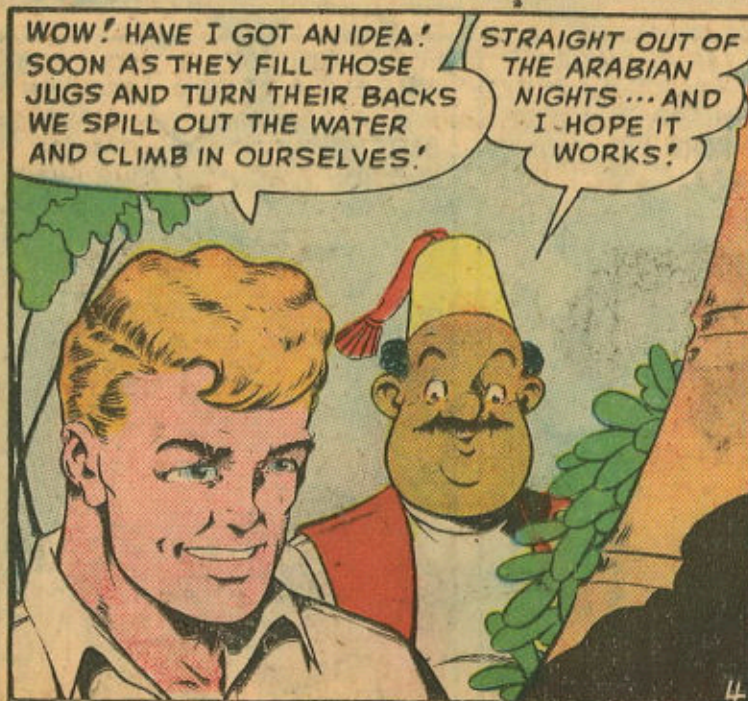
THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY GOOD MAN!

FEATURE COMICS

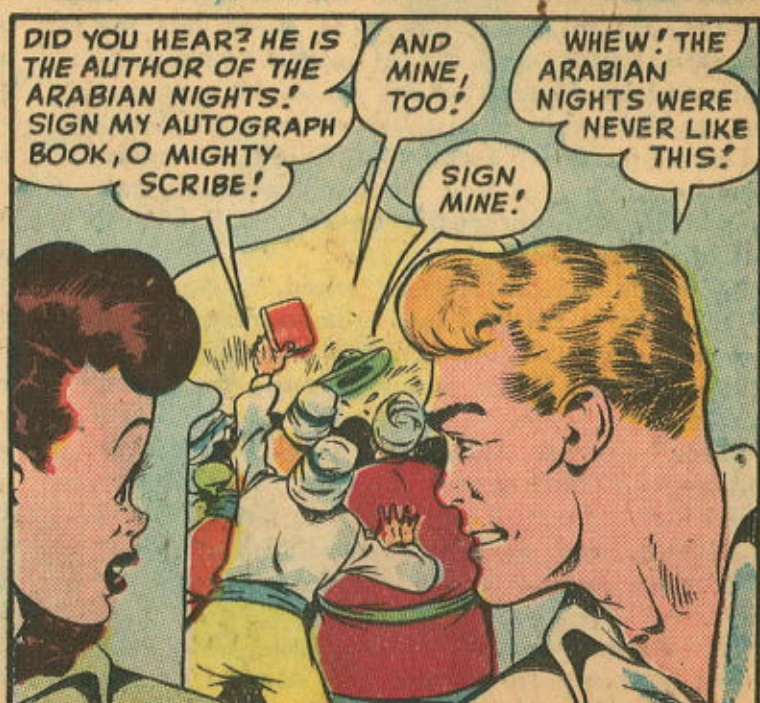
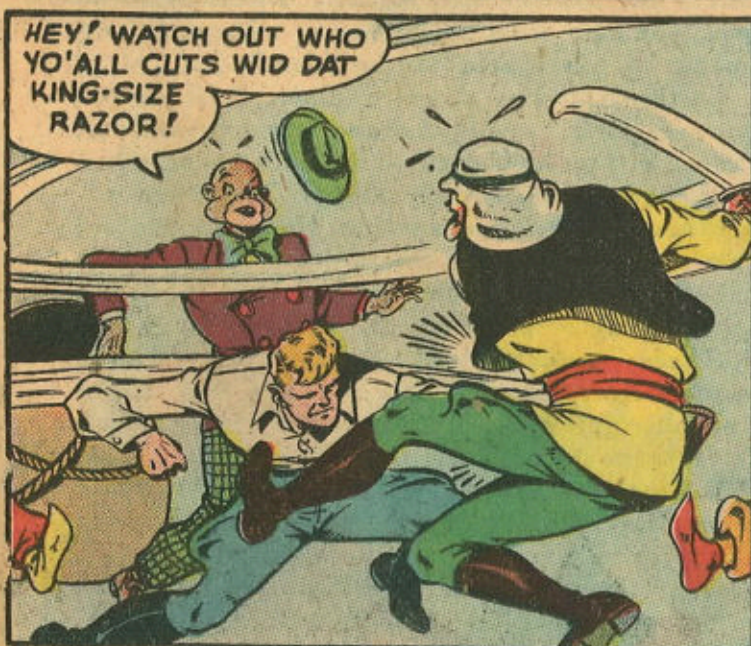


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



Easter Island SURPRISE

WITH great deliberation, Dr. Roberts studied the strange manuscript. It was written in crabbed English, by a hand that was seemingly unused to writing. That was obvious. Oddly, too, the capital letters ran below the lines—or what would have been lines of script in the regular sense. But in this case there were no lines because the words were written on a piece of badly tanned animal skin.

Dr. Roberts turned the skin this way and that, inspecting it with a powerful glass. It was old. How old, he couldn't tell. Perhaps a century, or maybe two.

From whence had it come?

Dr. Roberts laid the skin down and leaned back in his chair. He closed his eyes for a moment. There was no figuring this thing out. He and his daughter, Martha, had gone on a week's hunting trip back in the hills above Monterey. On the beach one day, Martha had picked up an odd-shaped bottle, made of some metal that defied analysis.

Martha had hurried to her father with her find. Inside the bottle was the manuscript, which perhaps had come from some distant shore.

Now, weeks later, the mystery of its origin still remained unsolved.

Dr. Roberts kept his eyes closed and let his imagination run.

"Still up a tree, Doctor?"

Darrel Dane had entered unannounced. Now he stood grinning before Roberts. The latter smiled back.

"Yes, Darrel," he said, "the thing has me stumped. I presume I should take it to the museum and let Hackett work on it. He's an expert on these things. But I don't want to."

Darrel nodded. "I get you. Think it may be something big that you wouldn't want to leak out. Well, it might really be at that." Darrel picked up the skin.

"Where's the bottle?" he asked.

Dr. Roberts reached into a drawer and lifted the strange bottle out. It was very light. He held it toward Dane, and the young man took it.

"Hm," Darrel said, turning the bottle over and over. "You know what, Doctor! This material looks like stuff we found on Easter Island in '42—a kind of light lava. Some of those mysterious statues on the island are carved out of it."

Dr. Roberts leaped to his feet. "Then why didn't you say so before?" he asked.

Darrel grinned. "I didn't realize it before. The thought just came to me." He eyed the Doctor with a smile playing on his lips. "This'll probably mean a trip to Easter Island, if I know your penchant for tracking things down."

"You're right," the Doctor said. "Can you be ready to leave tomorrow?"

Darrel nodded. "Taking Martha along, Doctor?"

"Try to leave her behind," Dr. Roberts snorted.

In the morning the trio left for San Pedro, where the Doctor had already wired to make arrangements with the owner of a large fishing smack to take them to the island.

Easter Island is a weird place. It is dotted with gigantic monoliths and strange statues, carved out of solid rock. Who made them, when they were made, nobody knows. The three adventurers had no idea what they would find on the island, but the composition of the bottle led them to believe someone had been there not too long ago.

Three weeks later they arrived off the island's rocky shore. After his crew had helped unload supplies, the skipper of the fishing smack bade them good-bye.

"What was that formula you were studying after Martha found the bottle, Doctor?" asked Darrel the evening of their arrival on the island. They were sitting around a gasoline stove, waiting while Martha prepared dinner.

Roberts cleared his throat and seemed to come out of a reverie. "Some means to reduce human cells to infinitesimal proportions. I didn't quite get the full significance."

Darrel said, "It sounds like my own little secret, eh?"

"Not quite," said Roberts. "You break down body molecules by power of will; this thing is a chemical process."

That night, long after Darrel and her father had retired, Martha Roberts lay watching the stars. At length she became aware that one star blazed up and fluttered, like a bonfire. She raised her head. Then she saw that the "star" was indeed a bonfire.

Her first impulse was to awaken the other two, but she abandoned that idea. Carefully she got up, slipped on boots and a jacket and sneaked off toward the fire. It was a mile or so away, near the beach.

Going closer to the bright flames, she discovered that it was no common fire; the bril-

liance emanated from a narrow slit in the solid rock walls of a low hill. It was flames of intense heat, giving off a green and blue-white glow, such as emanates from a furnace or electric oven.

"I wonder what's behind this," she whispered to herself.

She ran back to the camp. Dr. Roberts was up, having missed her in a wakeful moment. Martha called to Darrel. Both men were ready for action by the time she was half-way through her story. They dressed quickly and strapped on their weapons.

When they arrived at the rock slit, they peered through.

"It's a furnace, all right," said Darrel. "And there's a long-whiskered chap working over it. Maybe it's Santa Claus, though it couldn't be if this is Easter Island."

"Hardly," replied Dr. Roberts, taking another look. "I can see retorts and other paraphernalia in there."

"There's only one way to find out, and that's to have a look," said Darrel. "Here I go!"

Almost instantly, by great mental effort, Darrel Dane began to shrink his body. When he said, "I guess I can squeeze through now," he was barely a foot tall. Dr. Roberts and Martha, who had followed them, watched him disappear in the rock crevice. The Doll Man was on the trail!

Leaping down into the open space he found beyond the crack, the Doll Man looked around. In front of him was a well-fitted lab, and the man working before the furnace was the chap Darrel Dane had previously spotted.

As the Doll Man watched, the big man glanced into a sort of periscope affair. Then, suddenly, he whirled and disappeared through a door. Still outside in the space set aside for the laboratory, the Doll Man glanced at a wall case which contained many animals, all of them shrunk to minute size. A rabbit, for example, was less than a half-inch long! Countless other animals and birds were proportionately smaller.

"Hah!" said the Doll Man. "So that's his racket. He's perfected the shrinking process but tried it only on animals. Someday he might want human beings for guinea pigs!"

A sudden scream echoed through the crypt-like lab. The Doll Man rushed to the rock slit. Martha and her father had vanished!

"He's got them!" gasped the Doll Man to himself. "I've got to rescue them!"

Before he could move another door was flung open and a bony hand shoved Dr. Roberts and Martha inside the lab. They had undergone strange changes. Neither was more than two feet tall! Still, they towered a foot above the Doll Man!

Just then the bearded man came in, holding a hypodermic needle to his arm. His face was contorted with a wild leer.

"I've done it!" he cried. "I've done what no

one in the world ever did before! I'll reduce the whole human race to atoms!" With a crazy laugh he jabbed the needle into his arm, and immediately he began to lose size.

Martha was screaming to the Doll Man to aid her, and Dr. Roberts looked utterly helpless. Both were now scarcely a foot tall.

The Doll Man couldn't help but laugh at their frightened expressions. Then he leaped toward a littered bench near the furnace. But the bearded man was upon him at once, reaching for a stone bottle with a label bearing fantastic symbols.

However, the Doll Man beat him to the grab. He leaped off the bench, picked up the hypodermic where the scientist had dropped it, and jabbed its needle into the mouth of the stone bottle, drawing upward on the pump.

Time was all-important. The bearded scientist was now less than a foot in height. So, too, were Martha and Dr. Roberts.

Quickly the Doll Man punctured the arms of his friends and shot the liquid into their flesh. He was taking a great gamble because he was not certain that this was the antidote. Yet almost instantly their bodies began growing.

Despite his size, the bearded man wasn't finished. Again he lunged for the bottle and knocked it out of the Doll Man's hands. It crashed to the floor, breaking and spilling all the liquid. The man looked at the evaporating puddle, then screamed and fell backward.

Taking advantage of a tiny drop of the liquid still in the needle, the Doll Man squirted it into the bearded man's arm. It seemed to stay his rapid shrinkage for a moment. He remained at about five inches in height. By now Martha and Dr. Roberts were almost normal.

The Doll Man bent over the midget figure of the bearded man and began talking.

In a high-pitched treble the little man answered that he was Igor Slavoni, a scientist formerly of Prague. He explained that he had discovered the secret of reducing body structure some years before, and had come to Easter Island to complete his experiments without interruption.

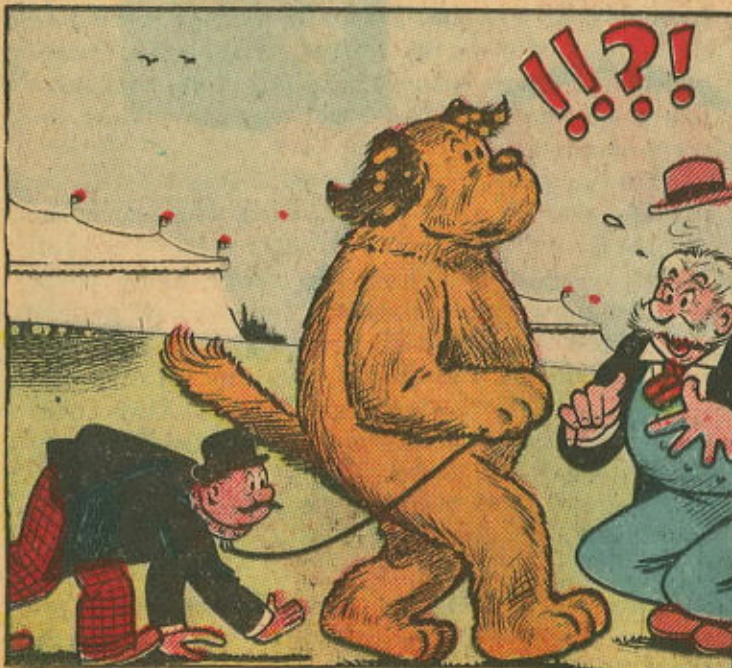
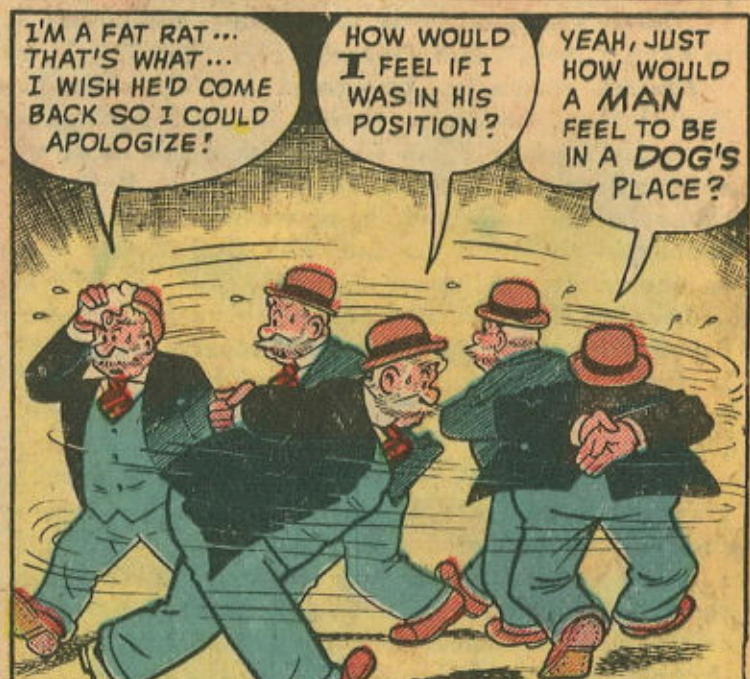
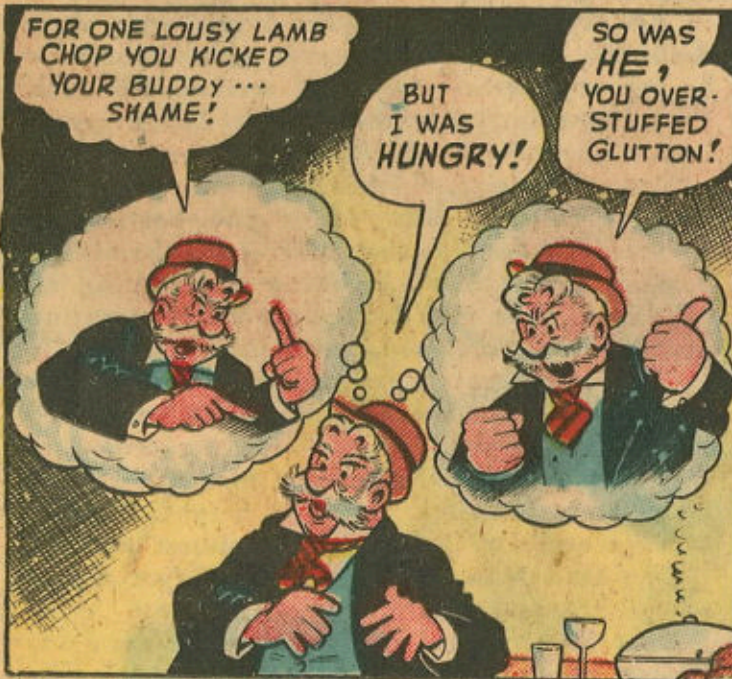
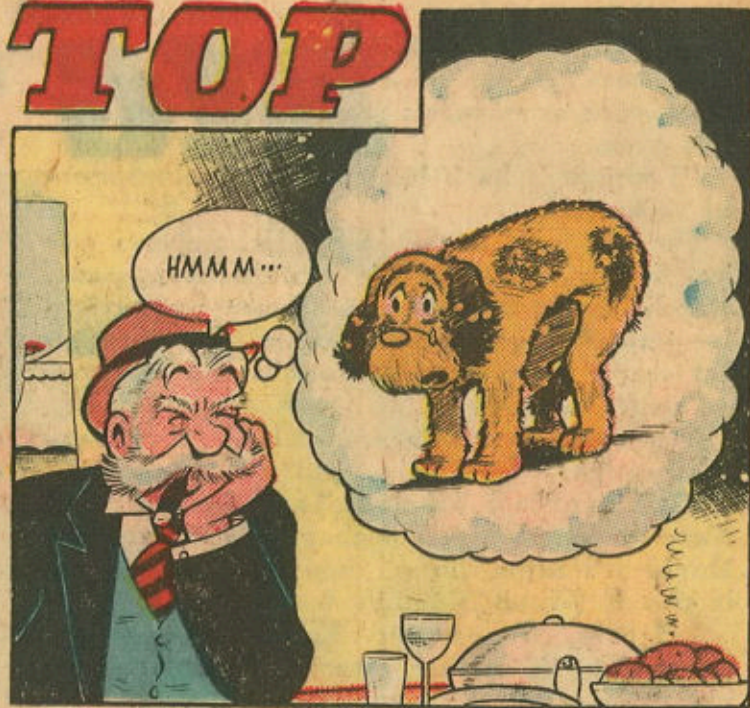
"I have won!" he squeaked. "Won! But now I will lose. You, however, have the secret of my formula," he said to Dr. Roberts. "You can reduce people—but you can never bring them back to normal. My precious liquid is all gone!"

The scientist, Igor Slavoni, was now less than two inches tall. He quickly became smaller and smaller. The Doll Man kept his own tiny form until the scientist had actually vanished into nothingness—an atom.

Then the Doll Man adjusted his molecules to their normal size and again became Darrel Dane.

They were ready to leave Easter Island as soon as the fishing smack would arrive to carry them home.

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

HE'LL PROMOTE ME FROM CLOWN TO STAR JUGGLER SURE!

OH, BOY!

AFTER MONTHS OF SECRET PRACTICE I CAN JUGGLE FOUR BALLS AT ONCE! JUST WAIT'LL I TELL THE BOSS!

OH, BOSS! LOOK!

JUST A MINUTE!

?!

WILL YA LOOK AT THIS PHONY WHO CLAIMS TO BE A JUGGLER!

THE BUM HAS TO USE TWO HANDS!

NEW ACT TRYOUTS

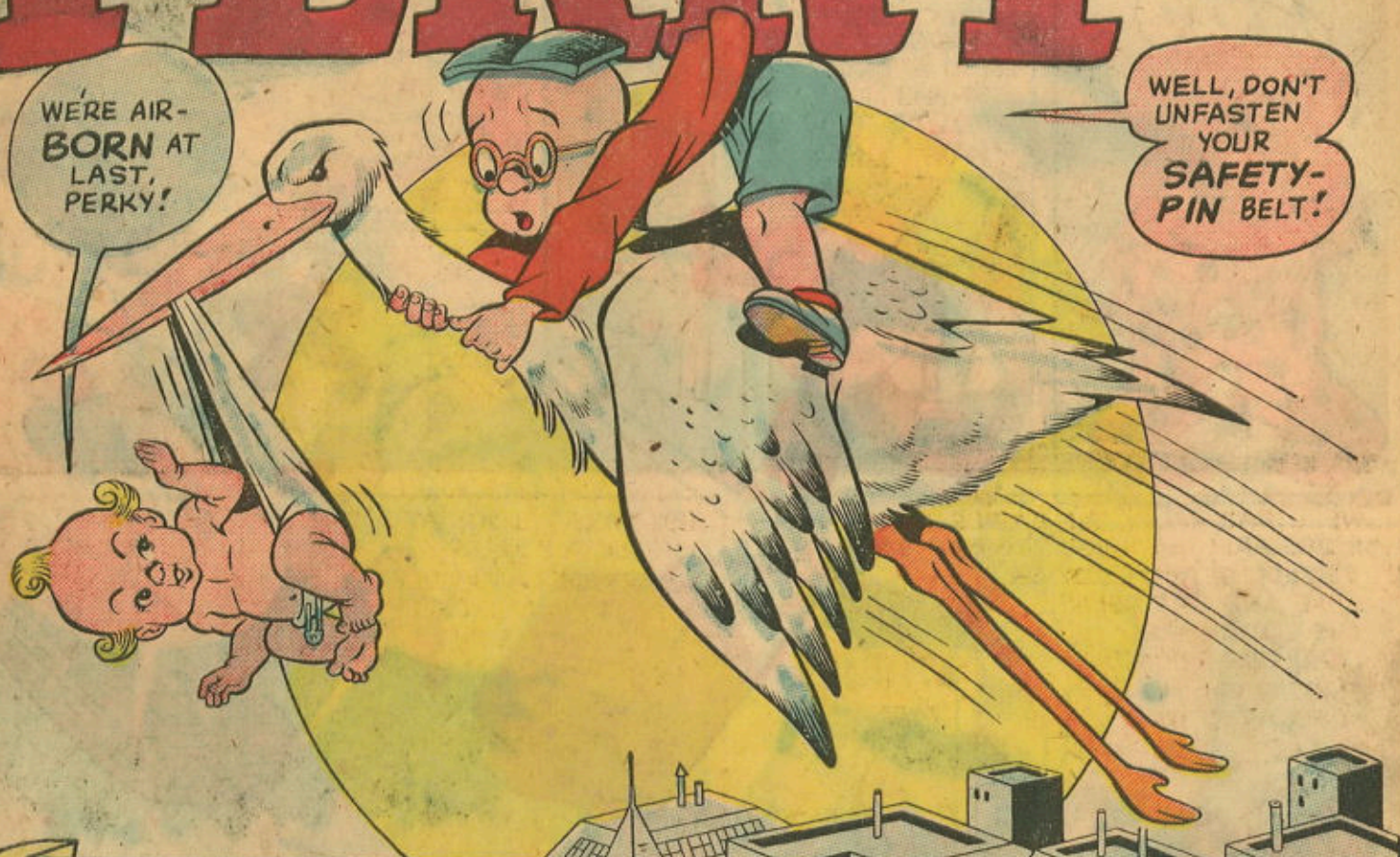
NOW, WHAT'D YOU WANT, BUTCH?

BOSS, I CLEAN FORGET!

TRASH

PERKY

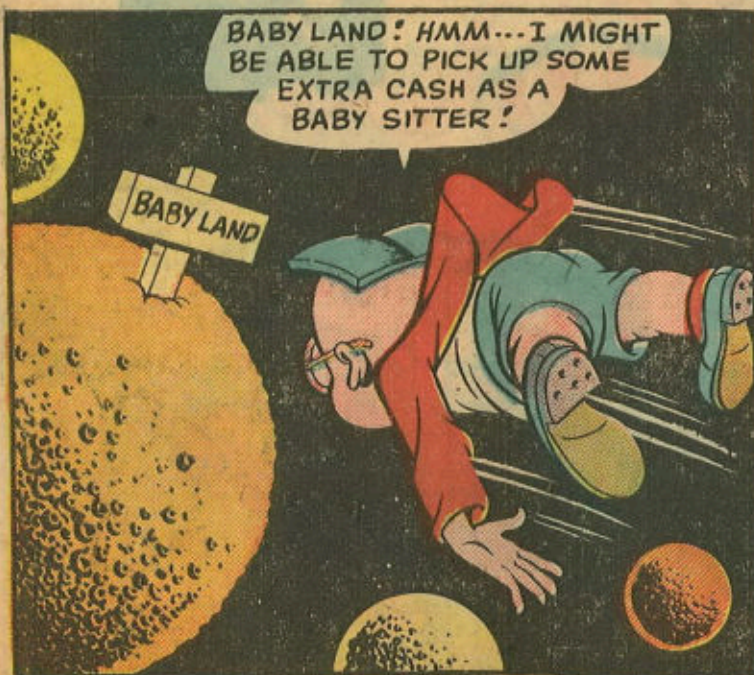
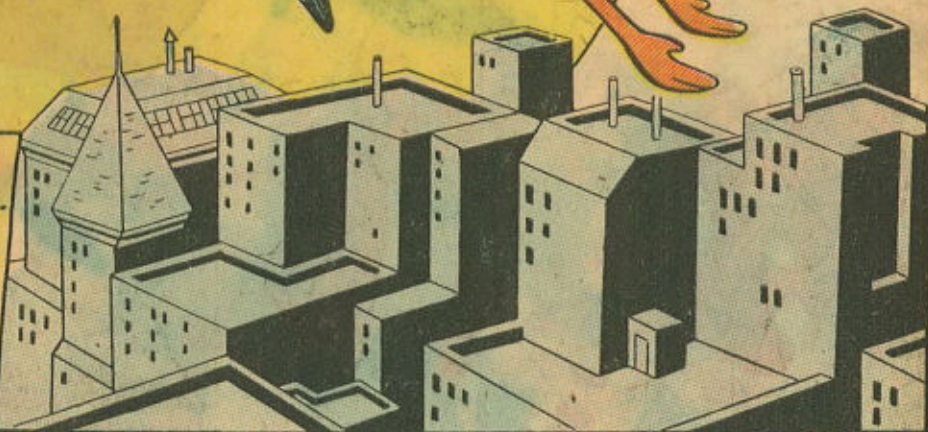
by Gill Fox-



WE'RE AIR-
BORN AT
LAST,
PERKY!

WELL, DON'T
UNFASTEN
YOUR
**SAFETY-
PIN BELT!**

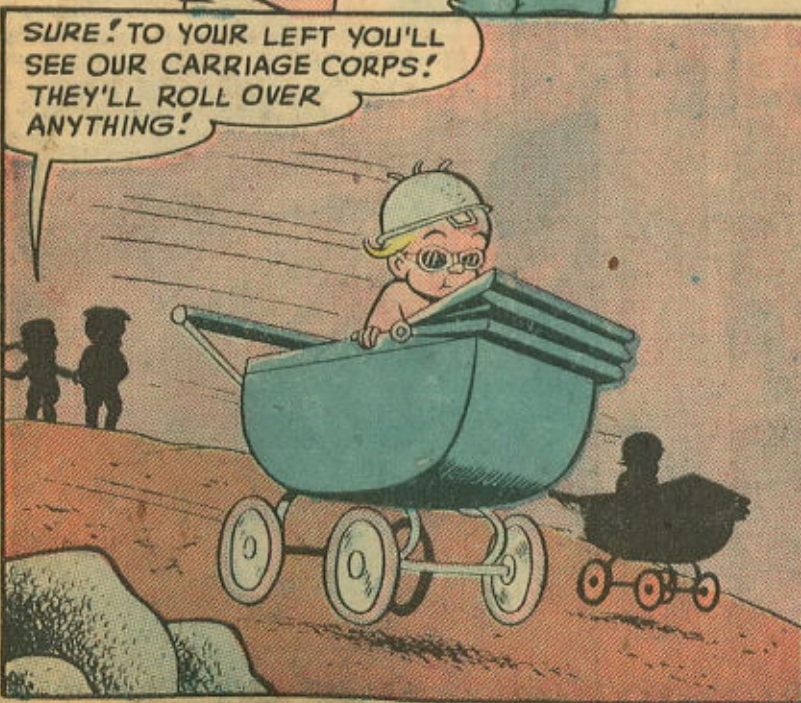
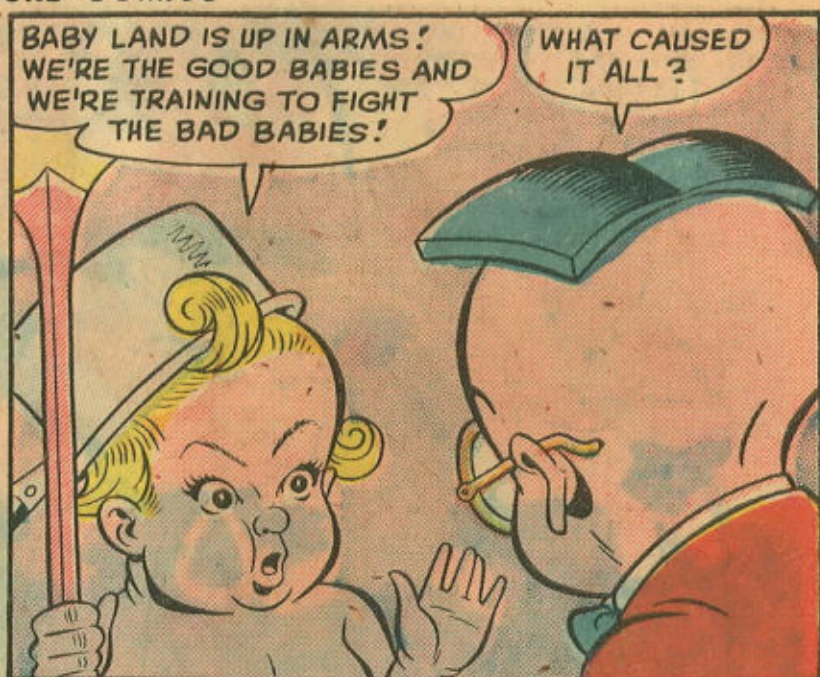
Perky, who volunteered to step into a magician's vanishing box and was actually hurled to worlds beyond our own, now continues his adventures in lands of fantasy as he enters **BABY LAND!**

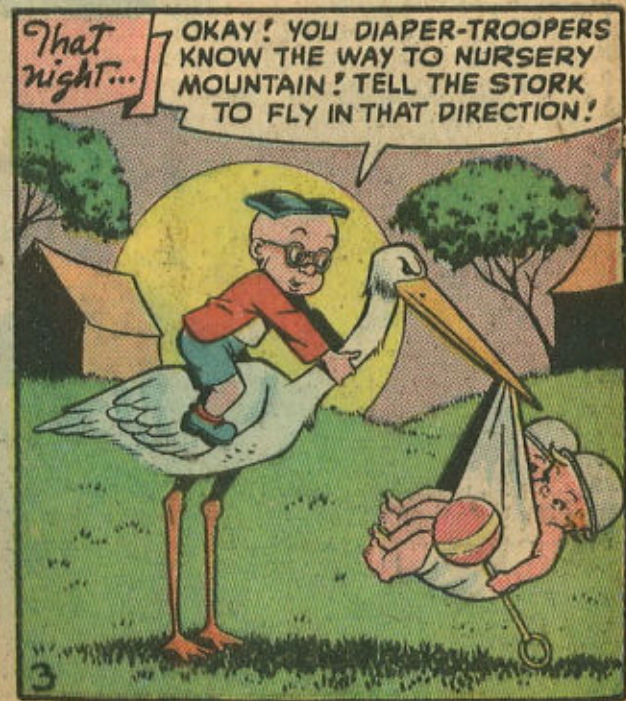
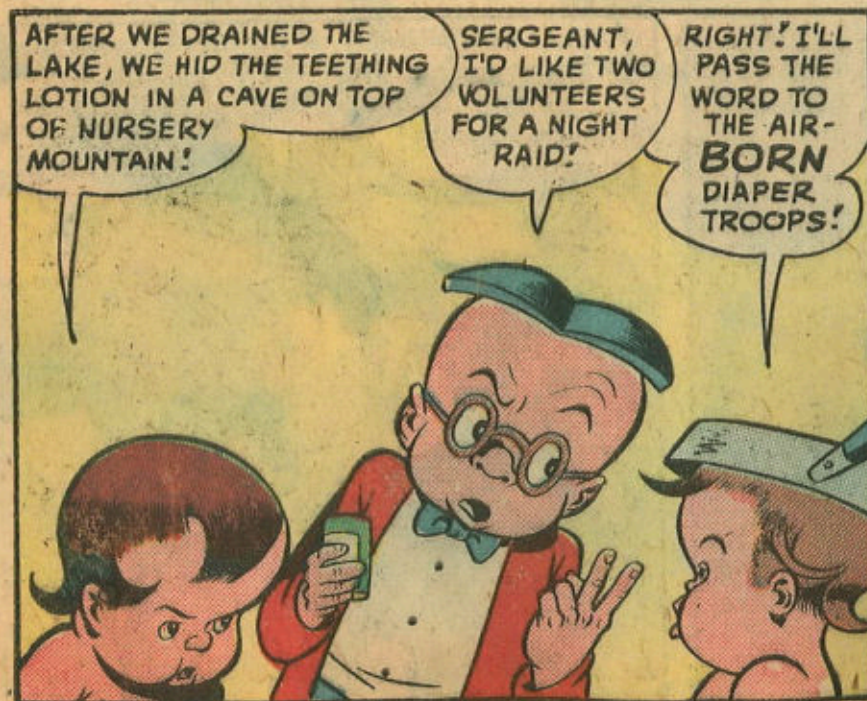
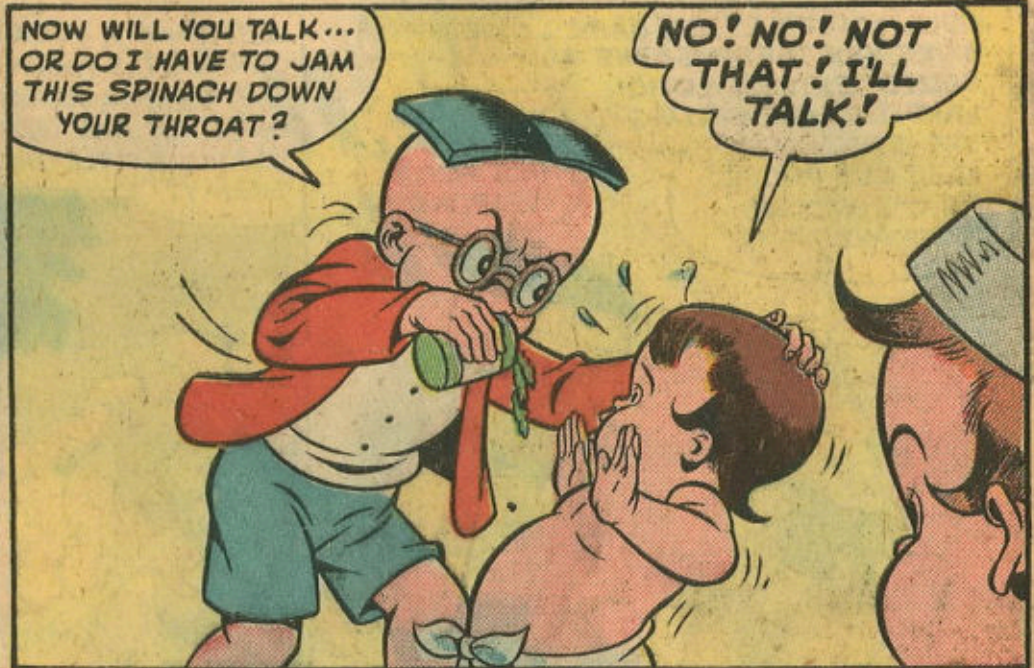
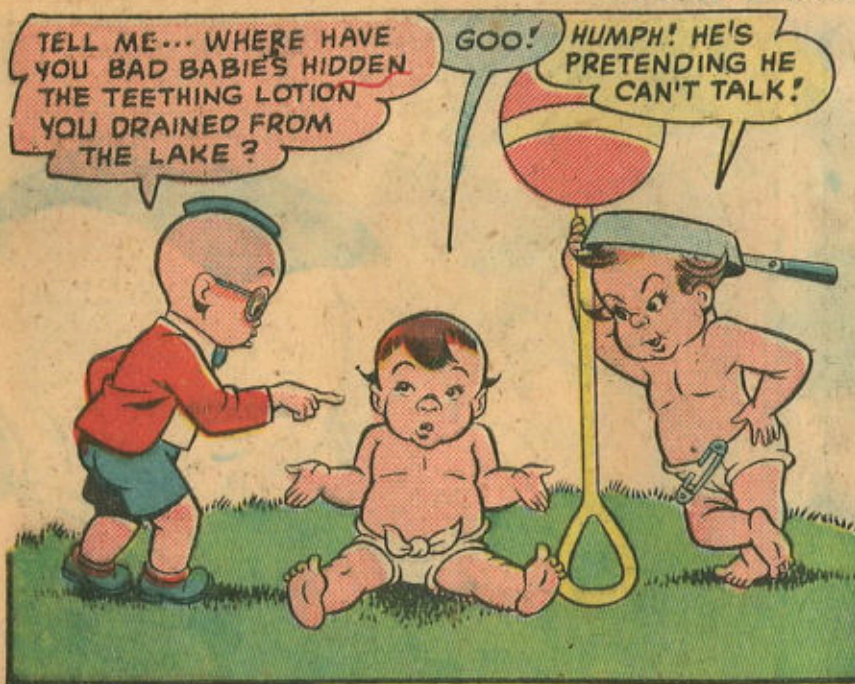


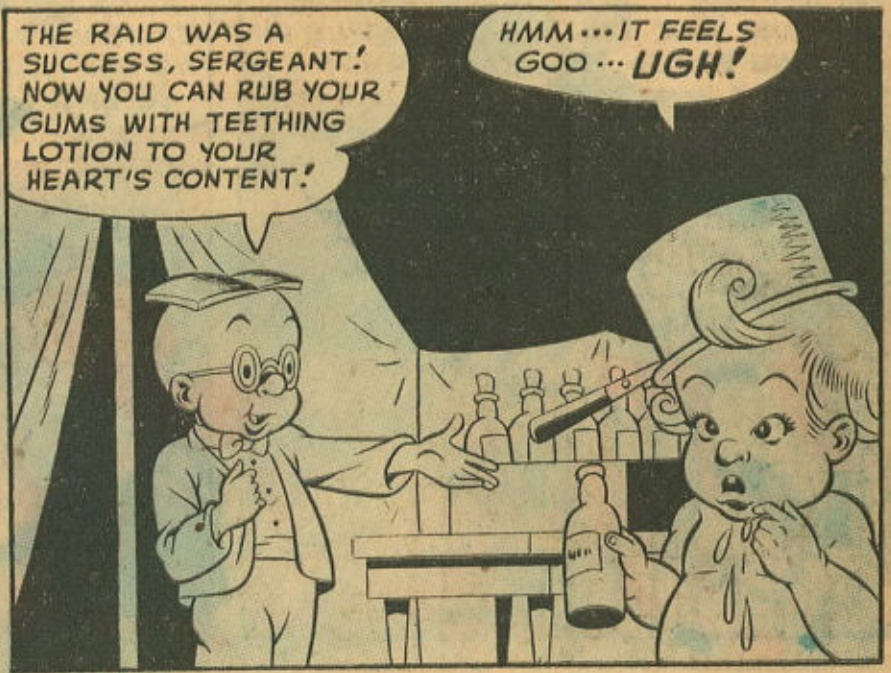
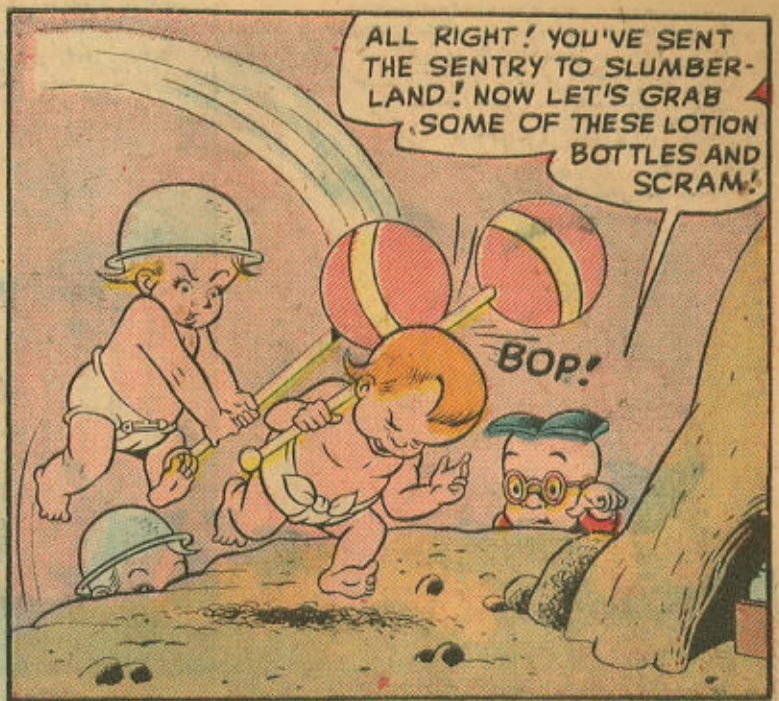
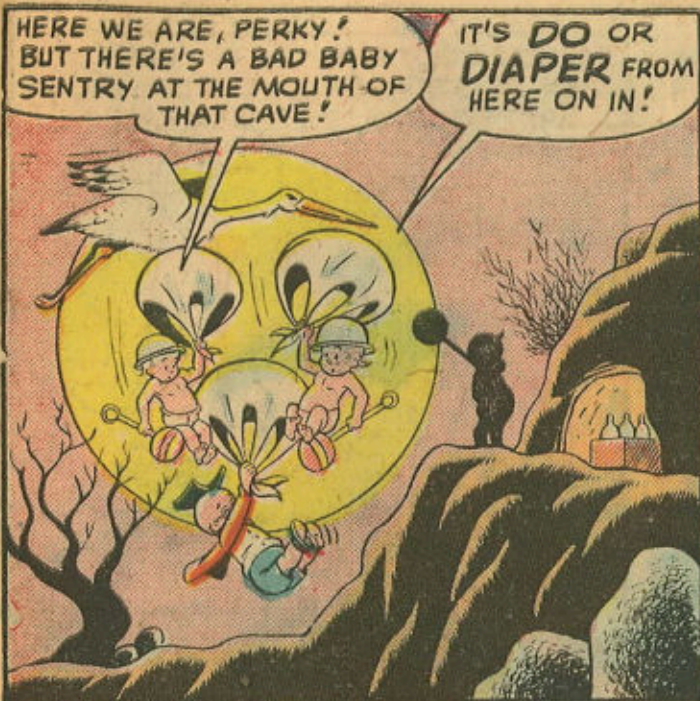
BABY LAND! HMM... I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME
EXTRA CASH AS A
BABY SITTER!



OOF! MAYBE I'M JUST A
BOUNCING BABY
MYSELF!







FEATURE COMICS

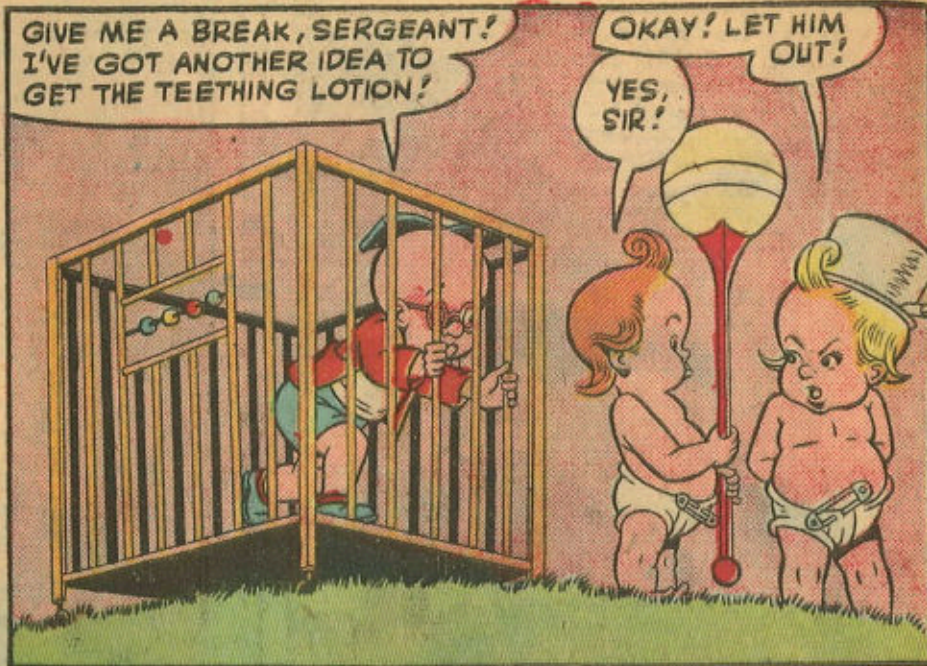
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
AS A **SPY**! WE'LL
COURT-MARTIAL
YOU!



GIVE ME A BREAK, SERGEANT!
I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA TO
GET THE TEETHING LOTION!

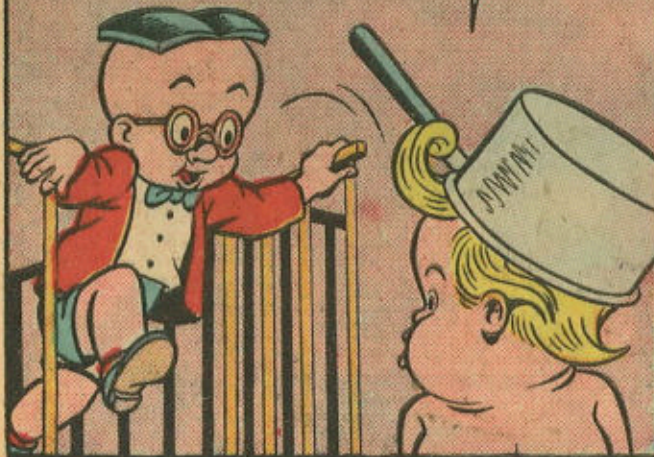
OKAY! LET HIM
OUT!

YES,
SIR!



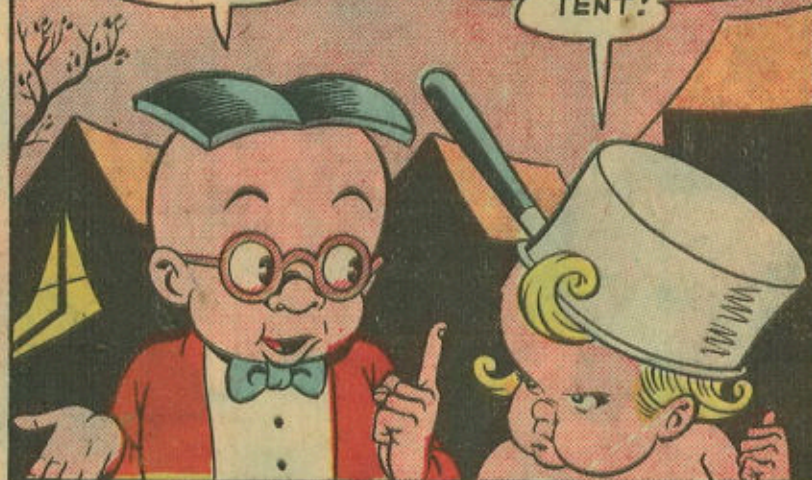
DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING THAT
THE BAD BABIES
NEED?

YEAH, WE CONTROL
ALL THE PABLUM IN
BABY LAND!



LET ME FILL A BABY
CARRIAGE WITH IT! GIVE
ME ONE HOUR AND I'LL
BE BACK WITH THE
LOTION!

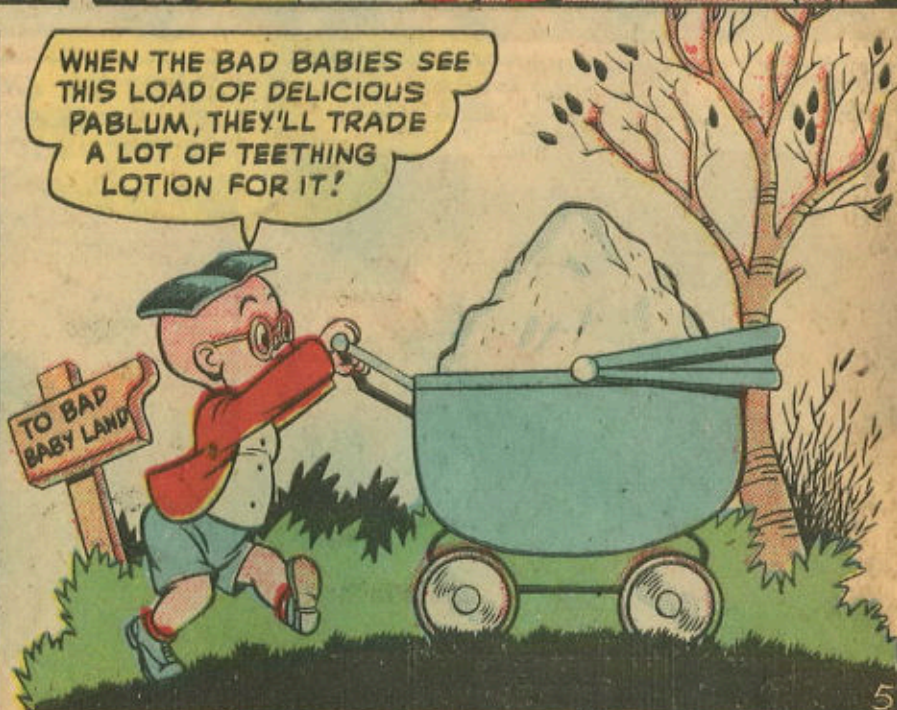
ALL RIGHT! BUT NO
EXCUSES THIS TIME!
YOU'LL FIND A PILE
OF PABLUM OVER
THERE BY THE MESS
TENT!

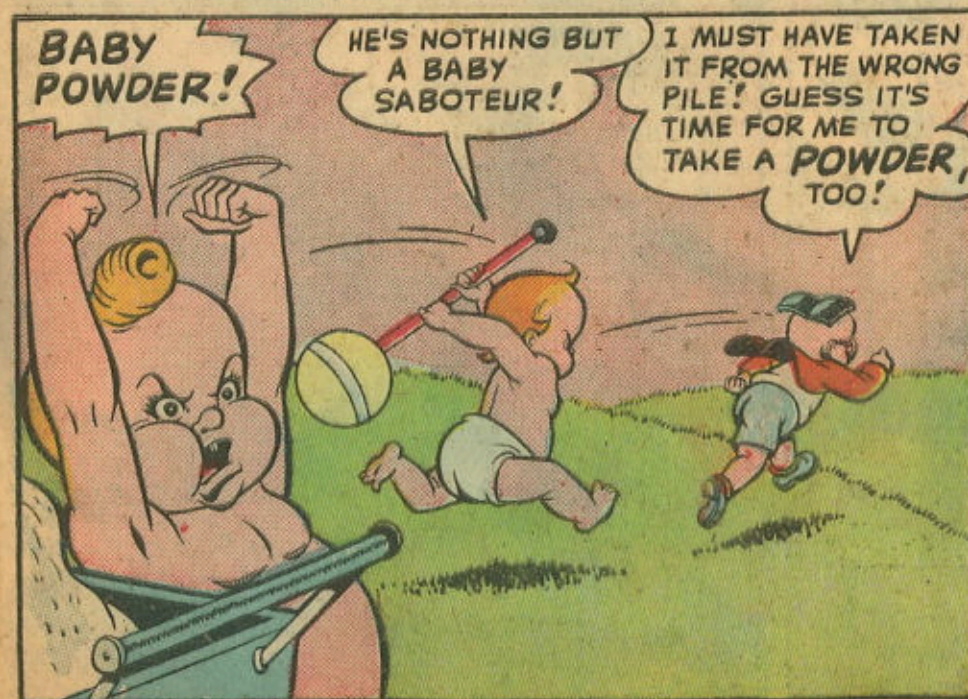
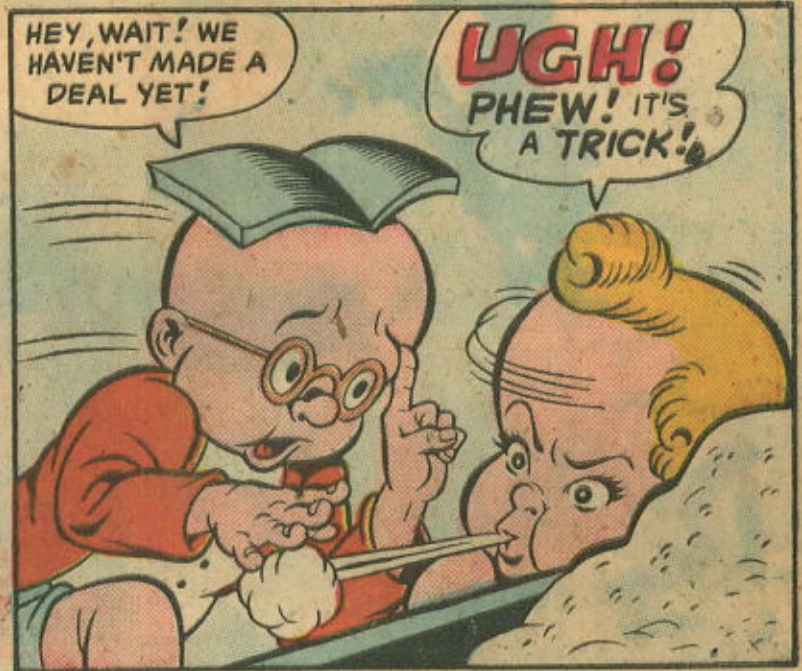
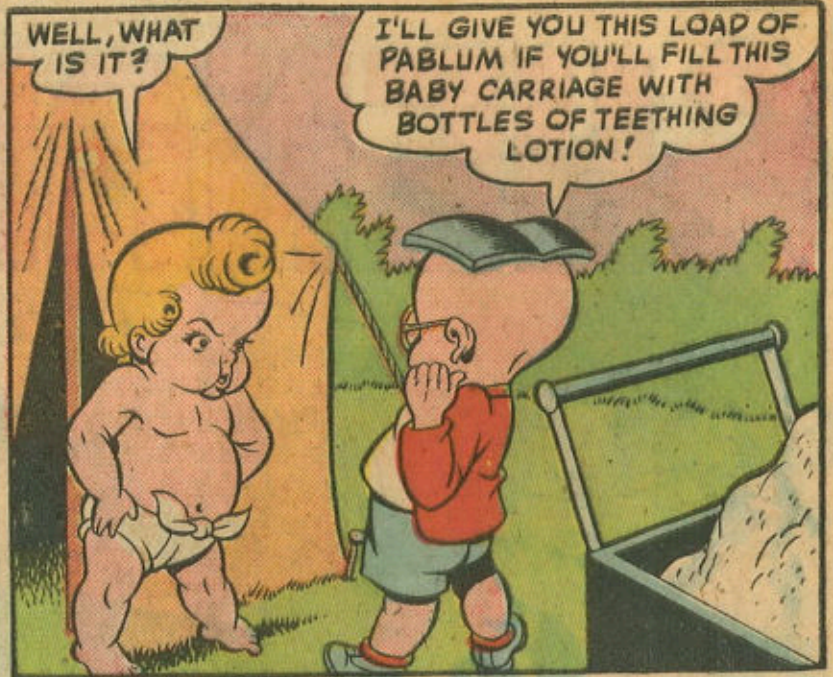


HMM...TWO PILES OF
PABLUM...I'LL TAKE THE
ONE ON THE LEFT!



WHEN THE BAD BABIES SEE
THIS LOAD OF DELICIOUS
PABLUM, THEY'LL TRADE
A LOT OF TEETHING
LOTION FOR IT!

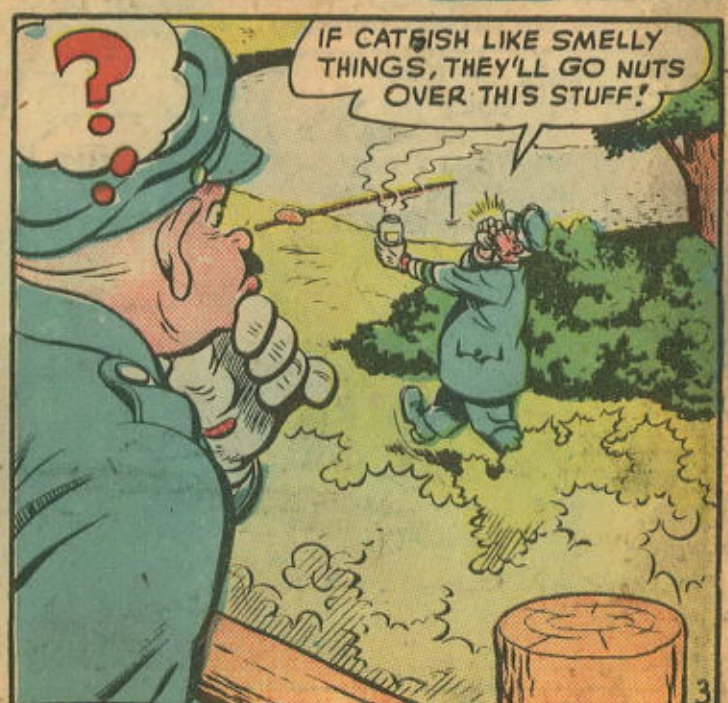
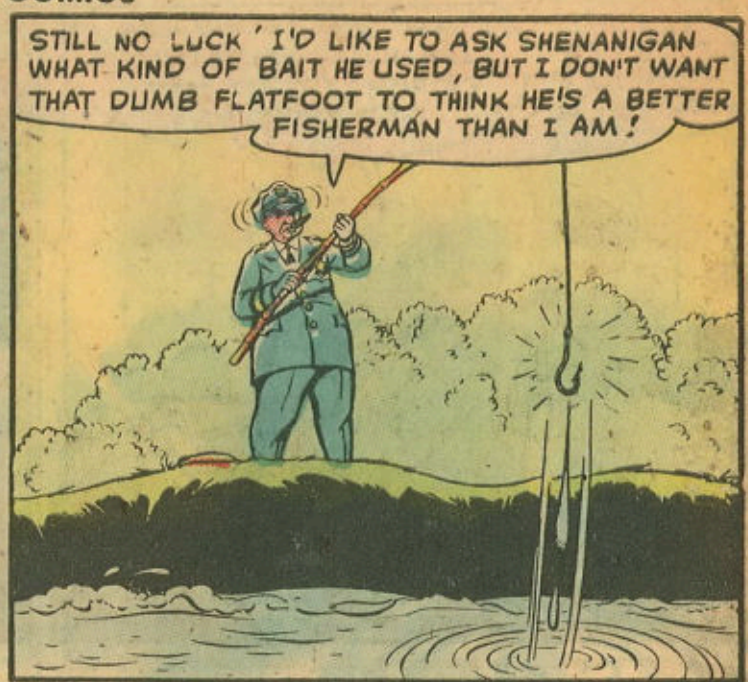


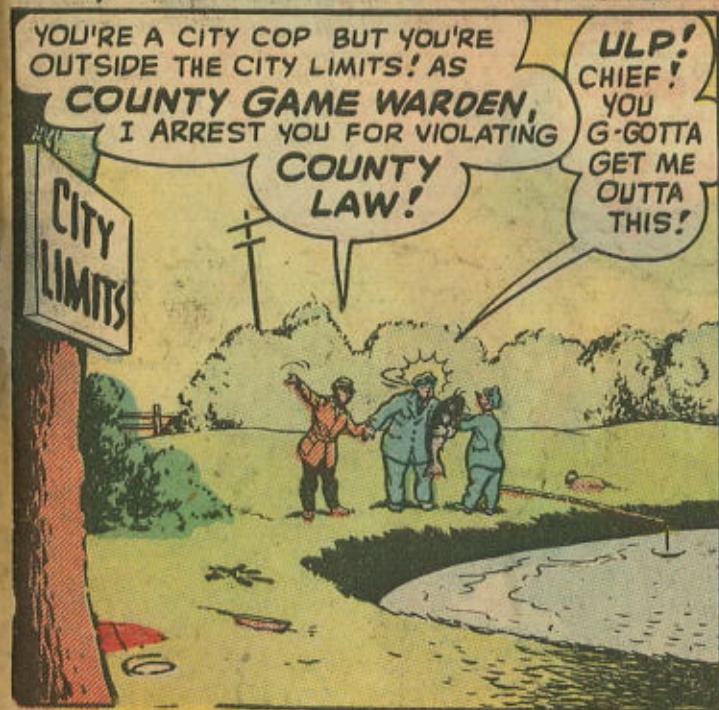
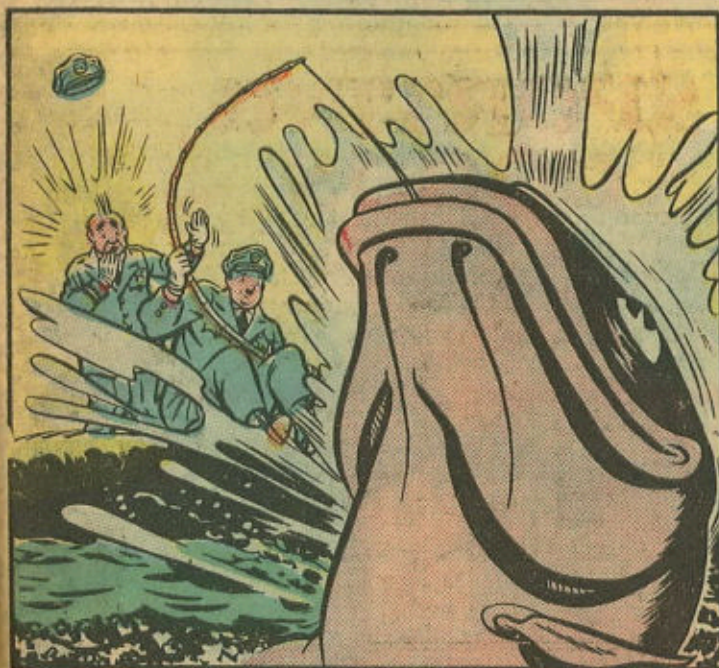


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BECAUSE YOU

Make Money With Your Own

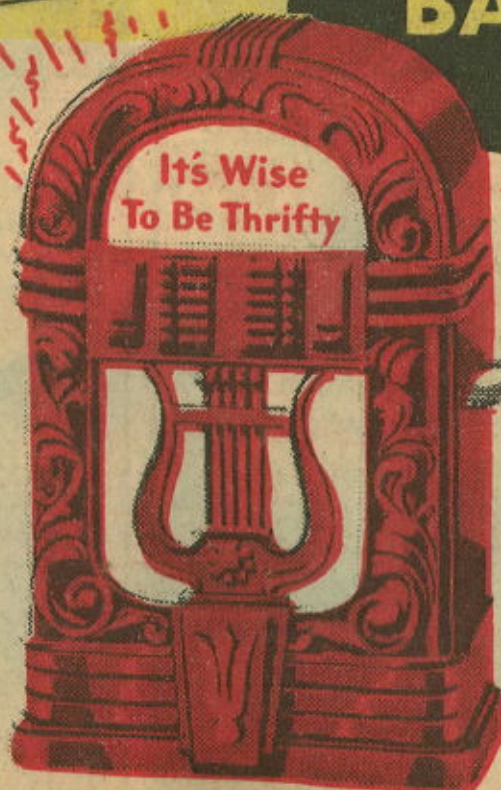
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You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because everyone wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's easy to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

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Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!

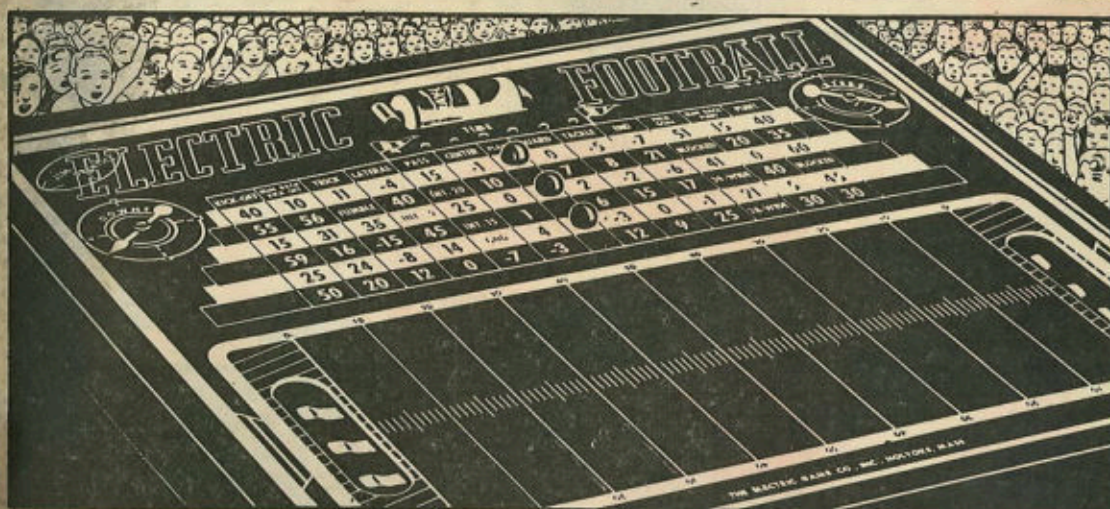
JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES.

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70

NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

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GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



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Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hunder of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny. The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored. Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

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WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



AT THE ARMY AIR FIELD, U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB USE THEIR SPECIAL PASSES TO SEE THE NEW SECRET SUPERSONIC PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE IN THE HANGAR!



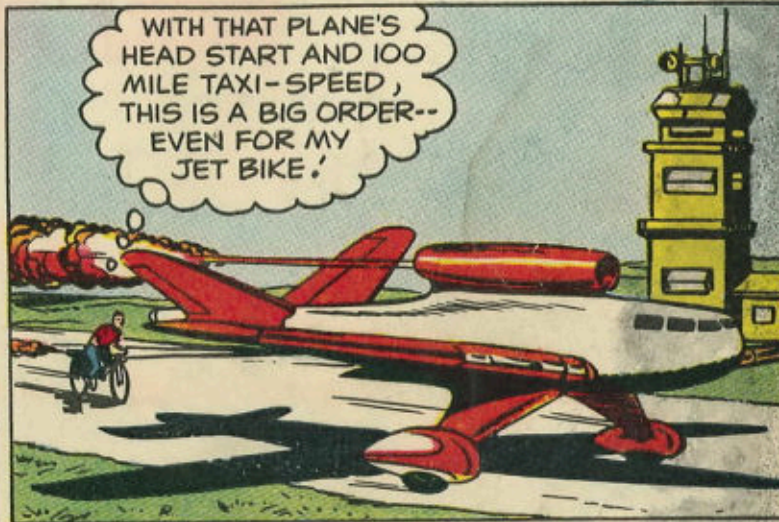
THOSE TWO FELLOWS RUNNING TOWARD THE PLANE--I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY STARTED THE FIRE TO GET THE GUARD AWAY FROM THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL, THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR IF I CAN HELP IT... MEANWHILE, YOU FELLAS NOTIFY THE F.B.I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S HEAD START AND 100 MILE TAXI-SPEED, THIS IS A BIG ORDER--EVEN FOR MY JET BIKE!



JUST AS THE POWERFUL PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS, PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S SECRET PLANE... THE F.B.I. CAN THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING THAT THEY DIDN'T.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR U.S. ROYALS FOR REAL BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY!



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"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY, IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

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